

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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PARADISE LOST.

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FIRST PAPER.

"I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian Mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

THROWING himself at once, and fearlessly, outside the gravitating ideas of earth, Milton allows himself to drop down through immeasurable space into the midst of hell; upheld from being dashed to pieces in his audacity by the powerful wings of his imagination. With the slender argument which he had gathered from holy writ as the only key to unlock the awful mysteries, he descends—as he simply words it, "the poem hastens into the midst of things"—and, with the security of an immortal, he visits that "bottomless perdition," and views "that dismal situation, waste and wild," where Satan and the infernal peers lay tossing in the first agony of their fall. Serene in the consciousness of his great purposes and inspiration, he gazes around upon the horrors of the place; self-possessed enough to measure its bounds, to mark the peculiarities of its hideousness, and to recognize the varying features and characteristics of the different angels who were hurled, with their leader, into hopeless woe. He listened to the first vaunting words of the recovering apostate and the sad reply of Beelzebub; and dared to repeat how the archfiend, *lifted above hope* in the height of his despair—lost, transformed, trailing his once resplendent wings in the mire of hell—burst forth, in the rhapsody of his fierce anguish, in a welcome of the blackness of his fate, commanding, in the stubbornness of his ambitious spirit, that infernal world to receive

"One who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time."

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And being, like the spirits he perceives, beyond the laws of nature and the governments of this world, he contemplates the actions of those

"Who, in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy purposes."

Sitting apart in a superior atmosphere of his own, he sees the angels and archangels—that grand, incomprehensible multitude who there were gathered in confusion, having been thrown over the battlements of that heaven which they once graced with their splendor—

"Godlike shapes and forms,
Excelling human, princely dignities,
And powers that erst in heaven sat on thrones;"

whose appalling fate it was to have even their names blotted out and forgotten eternally; but whom he recognized afterward—distorted, debased, under their new names—as the false gods that a corrupted mankind were won to worship

"With gay religions, full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities."

These he heard and saw before they were known on earth, when "highly they raged against the Highest."

Mammon, with his downward looks; Astarte, with crescent horns; Belial, graceful and human; Moloch, the terrible—all these, and many more, came flocking at the call of their commander; their banners blazing, their shields glittering, "sonorous metals blowing martial sounds," and moving on to music so soft and inspiring that it charmed their painful steps over the burning soil, while their leader darts his experienced eye over the mighty, the majestic battalion, invincible to any power save that of the one great God. The pride that kindles in their ruler's heart, the exultation in his eye, the survey of these shining ranks, the armies of hell marching over that desolate parade-ground, make a scene more sublime

than any which Homer sings. All that is martial in the nature of the reader is up in arms; Napoleon and the ancient heroes of Troy, that stood in his fancy supreme, glide away, discomfited shades, before this unparalleled array. And when the poet, after describing the archangel—

"But his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheeks, but under brows
Of dauntless courage and considerate pride
Waiting revenge"—

makes this haughty being show signs of passion and remorse for the ruin he has brought upon these, his faithful troops, there is something truly terrible in the very naturalness of the conception that follows:

"He now prepared
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he essayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth!"

Satan, obdurate still, daring, ambitious still, wept! tears such as angels weep, to see his followers,

"Their glory withered as when heaven's fire
Hath scathed the mountain oaks, or forest pines,
With singed top, their stately growth though bare
Stands on the blasted heath."

These forces can not rest quiet under their punishment. Mammon by instinct discovers the precious metal in a burnished mount, and the multitudes fall to work to erect that gorgeous Pandemonium, whose archives, friezes, cornices, towers, and battlements are molded of gold, and which rises, as by some sweet enchantment, to the harmony of exquisite bursts of music, upon the torrid plain.

The poet, working out his purposes boldly with his spiritual material, cries, "Behold a wonder!" and makes the giant crowds shrink into comparative nothingness that his temple may contain the myriads, swarming, like tiny bees, to the "great consult." Who wishes to dispute with him the probabilities or possibilities of this wonder—the dignity, or propriety, or necessity of the transformation? If the common herd of devils have dwindled into insignificant pigmies,

"Far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great seraphic lords and cherubims
In close recess and secret conclave sit:
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full."

Then follows that dread consultation, in which these give, with masterly speciousness or fiendish subtilty, their reasons for or against continuing their war with the hosts of heaven: in which

are terrible excitements of ambition and revenge; threats of turning against "*the Torturer*" his own punishments, and of blasting the glory of God with black fire and horror, consuming his immaculate throne with strange, obnoxious flames; and which ends in that fatal proposition, the fulfilling of which so intimately affects *our* destiny. If we compare this unique and tragic scene, so attractive yet repulsive, so gloomy yet so pompous, where devils are as yet but newly fallen angels; where the light of heaven still lingers upon the confines of hell; where the splendor of a former state trails brokenly after the lurid darkness of the present; where the leading passions of demi-gods are brought into awful play—if we compare this tragedy with those founded upon worldly events, we shall realize how utterly Milton was thrown upon the resources of his own imagination, and how firmly it supported him through the perils of that unearthly time and place. Belial, so fair in appearance, so hollow at heart, "whose tongue dropped manna, and could make the worse appear the better reason," asks a question which the soul of man still asks in its moods of deepest sadness or fiercest despair:

"To be no more; sad cure; for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being?"

and which it still answers in sympathy with him, rather than with the haughty Moloch, who had rather be nothing at all than less than the Eternal, and who counsels the hosts to rush on to victory or to annihilation.

Nothing seems to be forgotten, however minute, by the relator. When Satan, after the acceptance of his revengeful mission, goes forth to find the gate which shall release him into the void of "*unessential* night," he leaves the disbanded powers seeking recreation from the barren means of enjoyment yet left them; practicing the arts of war, tearing up hills and rocks in play, riding the whirlwind as a curbed steed; and others, with mournful hearts, sitting apart, and striving to recall, through the ministry of soothing sounds, their purer pleasures, or conversing one with another upon those engrossing topics, good and evil, happiness and misery, "passion and apathy, and glory and shame." In what immediately follows that Milton borrows much from classic lore is true, and yet he makes it in a measure his own. And to what a weird, tempestuous, chilling, and yet alluring realm does he lead our fascinated fancy, when he ferries it over noiseless Lethe!

"Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms

Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not but gathers heap."

There is something irresistibly affecting to the imagination in this picture of a vast continent given up to the raging of continual storms; its effect is in the highest degree poetical, passing beyond the power of language to describe its peculiar charm.

Poe, in a paper upon Horne's "Orion," quotes this passage:

"For him I built a palace under ground
Of iron, black and rough as his own hands.
Deep in the groaning, disemboweled earth,
The tower-broad pillars, and huge stanchions,
And slant-supporting wedges I set up,
Aided by the Cyclops who obeyed my voice,
Which through the metal fabric rang and pealed
In orders echoing far like thunder dreams.
With arches, galleries, and domes all carved—
So that great figures started from the roof
And lofty coignes, or sat and downward gazed
On those who stood below and gazed above—
I filled it; in the center framed a hall;
Central in that, a throne; and for the light
Forged mighty hammers that should rise and fall
On slanted rocks of granite and of flint,
Worked by a torrent, for whose passage down
A chasm I hewed. And here the god could take,
Midst showery sparks and swathes of broad gold fire,
His lone repose, lulled by the sounds he loved;
Or, casting back the hammer-heads till they choked
The scater's course, enjoy, if so he wished,
Midnight tremendous, silence and iron sleep;"

and says, "The description of the hell in 'Paradise Lost' is altogether inferior in graphic effect, in originality, in expression, in the true imagination, to these magnificent, to these unparalleled passages." And here, in contrast to the terseness of the beautiful extract which Poe lauds, is conspicuous the principal fault of our poet—that his great learning and excess of resources often press upon him metaphor after metaphor, till the simple grandeur of the first idea is hidden and involved in the blush and bloom of his too luxuriant fancy; and the reader is wearied with a diffuseness that, though rich with sweets, tends nothing toward the goal of the poem.

But even this error is thrown off in the terrible earnestness with which he hurries Satan, on his way out of hell, into circumstances the most awful that the mind of a human being ever conceived:

"At last appear
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice three-fold the gates: three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamant rock
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair,

But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast, a serpent armed
With mortal sting; about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds, never ceasing, barked
With wide, Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous howl; yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb
And kennel there; yet there still barked and howled
Within upseen."

Horrible as this is, it has not the merit of entire originality; but that which follows—nothing that ever was written is so mysteriously and shudderingly appalling:

"The other shape,
If shape it might be called that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
For each seemed either; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seemed his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

It is the shadowy, uncertain character of this phantasm which renders it so frightful. If it had taken any shape but that which was no shape at all, we might meet it with more assurance; but to be haunted by the vagueness of this ideal monster—ah! we gasp out our shivering admiration of the archfiend whose prowess enables him to meet undaunted the "execrable shape." We almost shrink, if the traitor-angel does not, when the goblin utters his denunciation.

"So spake the grizzly terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deformed."

Yet Satan, burning like a comet, faces him indignantly; they prepare for a conflict:

"And now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by hell gate, and kept the fatal key,
Risen, and, with hideous outcry, rushed between."

All the instincts of our nature recoil within us at her address:

"'O father! what intends thy hand,' she cries,
'Against thy only son? What fury, O son!
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head!'"

Here, indeed, is a revolting relationship; and the horror grows complicated, when Satan, asking her:

"What thing thou art thus double-formed, and why,
In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
Me father, and that phantasm call'st thy son?"

she replies with the story of her being both his daughter and wife—that Sin that was born from his head, when in heaven he plotted his conspiracies—continuing:

"At last, this odious offspring whom thou seest,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,

Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
 Transformed; but he, *my inbred enemy*,
 Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart
 Made to destroy: *I fled, and cried out, DEATH!*
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed
From all her caves, and back resounded, DEATH!
 I fled:

These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry
 Surrounded me, as thou sawest, hourly conceived
 And hourly born, with *sorrow infinite*
To me; for, when they list, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw
My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth
Afresh, with conscious terrors vez me round,
 That rest or intermission none I find.

Before mine eyes in opposition sits
 Grim Death, *my son and foe*, who sets them on,
 And me, his parent, would full soon devour
 For want of other prey, but that he knows
 His end with mine involved; *and knows that I*
Should prove a bitter morsel and his bane
Whenever that shall be."

All that is shocking to the moral sense, repelling to the affections, detestable to the mind, and frightful to the fancy, is here mixed in huge ugliness; and yet so redeemed by the grandeur of its conception as the image of spiritual truths, that it is all strictly and solemnly poetical. To add the last touch to the repulsiveness of the picture, Satan, concealing the hatred within him, addresses the hag with that wily softness which renders him a dangerous foe, as his "dear daughter," and his son as his "fair son here."

We should think the blind bard, in the midst of his physical darkness, would be terrified at his own conjuring, were we not always forced to think of him as one superior to harm, the privileged witness of else unrelated things.

But we are glad to escape with him through the adamant gates, even though it be with the wicked angel into "a dark, illimitable ocean, without bound, without dimension," where "the *ancestors of nature*" hold eternal anarchy. The fearless strength of the poet's will is again put forth in describing the flight of the wary fiend:

"At last his sail-broad vans
 He spreads for flight,"

on to where we

"Straight behold the throne
 Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
 Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthroned
 Sat sable-vested Night, *eldest of things.*"

We are ready, with our leader, to cry, "Hail, holy light!" after escaping from these profound spaces, and to rest our wearied minds upon the contemplation of that purest world into whose beauty he now ushers us. It is not for him to attempt a revelation of what God has seen fit

to conceal; and he attempts no account of the how and wherefore of the Son's existence; he tells us of him, sitting by his father, holding conversation with him about the events to come, and offering himself, a love sacrifice, to that man over whose as yet sinless head a sorrowful fate is impending. The fervent gentleness with which this part of the story is told shows that the poet had a deep and loving interest in dwelling upon the unspeakable graces of Christ's character. The spirit that he breathes is hopeful and affectionate, exalting itself at times into rapturous worship, putting into the mouths of angels hymns of praise, and describing

"Where the river of bliss through the midst of heaven
 Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream,"

in words as befitting as are vouchsafed to mortal use in picturing splendors and joys immortal.

The whole flight of Satan, from the depths of hell, through Chaos, to where he discerns our world, "hanging in a golden chain" from one side of heaven, and farther, till he alights upon the dark planet, is one magnificent stretch of unbroken poetry. But when, on this "windy sea of land," "the fiend walked up and down alone, bent on his prey," he got himself into a strange place; the earth becomes visible in spirit as well as scene, as the poet indulges in a little satire of a very solemn but cutting kind. This strange place, "dark, waste, and wild," under the "frown of night starless exposed," is the after abode of those vanities which some have thought take refuge "in the neighboring moon;" and after enumerating several great follies, he continues:

"*Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,*
 White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery,
 Here pilgrims roam, that strayed so far to seek
 In Golgotha him dead, who lives in heaven:
 And they who, to be sure of paradise,
 Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised;
 They pass the planets seven, and pass the fixed
 And crystalline sphere, whose balance weighs
 The trepidation talked, and that first moved:
 And now Saint Peter at heaven's wicket seems
 To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
 Of heaven's ascent they lift their feet, *when lo!*
A violent cross-wind from either coast
Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues away
Into the devious air; then might ye see
Cones, hoods, and habits with their weavers lost
And flattened into rage; then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, dispensces, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds: all these, upchirkled aloft,
Fly o'er the backside of the world, far off
Into a limbo large and broad, since called
The Paradise of fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled and untrod."

We must be forgiven this long citation from a poem so well known. The grim humor of the conceit, in the midst of the on-rolling harmonies of the grand procession of thoughts, is too admirable to be passed by.

And, too, perhaps it is presumptuous to comment at length upon a poem so universally appreciated. But as love, and hope, and fame, life and death, beauty and immortality, the stars, the pensive moon, the golden sun, the changing seasons, present themselves under new aspects to each observer, and are endless themes of praise, discussion, and song—so a "thing of beauty" which "is a joy forever," like the "Paradise Lost," may become a ceaseless object of admiration, and each new reader may discover new graces; especially in such a jewel-studded web as this, where every gem that sparkled up from the deep sea of the poet's soul for years was caught and woven into the rich fabric, till it became heavy with priceless brightness.

SELFISHNESS; OR, PLAINTIFF AND DEFENDANT.

BY COATES-KINNEY.

MANY a marriage has resulted in unhappiness, not so much because the husband and wife were unadapted to each other, as because a certain undefinable something, perhaps best named selfishness, came in between them and checked the communion of their confidences, and divided the oneness of their lives. It may be deemed a trifling thing for lovers to speak sharp words now and then; they may make up at their next meeting; but for those whose hearts have come for lifelong to one home, it is not a trifling thing: cold looks then, unkind words then, however lightly given, however lightly spoken, are full of danger, and may be of destiny. How often has one chilling glance, one cutting word, prompted by nothing, perhaps, but this unaccountable flattery of self, separated those whom affection had united, and made home a hated spot, instead of a heart-place!

When Gordon Wilber and Fanny Clifford were married they would not have believed that one harsh word could make their hearts cold toward each other; nay, they would not have dreamed that the one harsh word between them even could be uttered. Yet it was uttered; and that one harsh word was mother to many more, that were harsher and harsher still, till a cloud of gloom thickened at their hearthstone, and shut out heaven.

"Fanny, I would rather not go to-night, if it will not disappoint you too much, I am so tired."

"If you were kept at home as closely as I am, Gordon, I presume *you* would be disappointed at such a promise-breaking as that."

Little Fanny Wilber thus was plaintiff; and more in the manner in which she said it than in what she said; it was a tone of pettishness, a look of vexation; and Gordon, who had a spirit no less fiery and impetuous than it was generous and forgiving, became defendant at once.

"I should like to be 'kept at home' a little more, Fanny; but our living must be earned, you know, and it is I that must be kept away to earn it. I want a little rest once in a while, shouldn't you think?"

"Mr. Wilber, you needn't ask me to go out with you any more! I—"

"Fanny!"

The pretty name of *Fanny* had never before been uttered in that home with such an emphasis: it was as if a clap of thunder had miraculously pronounced it, so unexpectedly and shockingly it came. It was past love's belief: Fanny could not credit her ears. But when her astonished eyes, looking Gordon full in the face, saw the wild passion come up there like the rush of a tempest, her sick heart knew that he had said *Funny* as he had never said it before, no, never!

And what was little Fanny Wilber's first emotion? It was a thrilling, torturing anguish, which made her breath come quick and gasping, and her brain throb and reel. O, if she had only yielded herself to her heart then, and done its bidding, how many a bursting ache might she have spared it in the future! But, just as she was about to fling her arms round her husband's neck, and let her tears plead with him for his harshness, that vague something—false pride—obstinacy—call it selfishness—rose and rebuked the woman in her soul, and froze it to calmness in a moment. Her lip quivered once or twice; her eyes merely moistened, but nothing more; that was all: the fount of tears was suddenly iced over by the one breath of selfishness. She thought of nothing but her wrong, felt nothing but resentment.

And her husband, who, when he saw on her face the shadow of that tearful cloud in her heart, had been ready to catch her to his breast and implore her forgiveness, was now checked by selfishness answering selfishness. He beheld unforgiveness in her countenance; and presently he believed it was as much her fault as his own that he had spoken so sternly; and then, come to think of it, he had said nothing but *Funny*,

after all: what was *Fanny*, that he should beg forgiveness for that one word? No; she should rather ask him to forgive her for her vexatious spirit toward him, who devoted his whole life to her comfort and happiness. Well, he would not be the first to speak, though she looked icicles at him for a twelvemonth.

With such an impassable gulf between them, there they sat at the same hearthstone in silence, plaintiff and defendant, each justifying self, each accusing the other. The evening—O, how wearily long!—wore away, but brought no compromise, no reconciliation. Neither spoke, and their faces, averted from each other, were overclouded with a cold, obstinate dismalness, which was a shadow of the gloom of their spirits. Their customary pleasant occupations of the evening—reading, singing, mutual assistance in study, and the like—were omitted, while they sat silently cherishing that cold viper, *Selfishness*, giving it life to sting their affection to death. Painfully still they sat till late bedtime; for each felt it would be a concession to make the first movement; then, finally wearied out, they retired, one after the other, without the interchange of a word. They had never before gone to sleep without saying good-by; but now they could not speak even the words of common courtesy; and how could they take upon their lips so sweet a word as that? Perhaps they did not sleep, and, therefore, had not need to say the word of separation. Perhaps they slept, and dreamed all night of sorrow, because they had not charmed their slumber with the spell of that dear word, uttered in love.

But, whether they watched or dreamed, in the morning they were both very, very unhappy; for they found themselves more unyielding and farther apart than ever. No friendly greeting, no accustomed kiss, no word, no look for each other: all chilly silence and sullen aversion. Breakfast was dispatched like a prison meal, and Gordon started off to his business with a proud step and in silence. How far he proceeded with that haughty bearing may be left for conjecture; suffice it, that he went out of sight of his home with it, and never once looked back to see how proud and unbending his little *Fanny*, too, appeared, as she pursued her morning occupations, without noticing his departure.

But when *Fanny* felt sure that her husband was too far off to hear her, now alone with her heart, it got the better of her directly; and she leaned her face down on her two hands, and sobbed aloud. She wept till her own sweet blue eyes were swollen and bloodshot; till her heart

ached in her throat; till her brain throbbed almost to bursting; and yet no thought of blame did she entertain toward *Fanny Wilber*. No, she was too selfish for that. She had been the "little *Fanny*" of the paternal home, loving and petted; she had been the "fair *Fanny Clifford*" of society, amiable and flattered; she had till now been the "dear *Fanny*" of *Gordon Wilber's* new life, fond and loved; and what, what had she done to deserve such treatment as this? O *Gordon*! *Gordon Wilber*! thought she, what devoted love you have insulted, what feelings you have outraged!

Ah, selfish *Fanny Wilber*! Better you had never entered the sacred state of matrimony at all, than to have entered it without better understanding the necessity of compromise in it, of concession, of reciprocal charity, and of mutual self-denial. The married should not be two selves, *Fanny*; not myself and thyself; but they should be only *ourselves*; and you should think that, in blaming your husband, you are blaming this one self that you both are.

Had *Fanny* regarded it thus, she could have gone down into her own soul, and, looking from it, have seen her poor husband, as soon as he was out of sight, losing his haughty air, and seeming to grope along the street, as if it were all dark from the center of his life every way to the very heaven. His heart was lead, lead. He felt that he had done very wrong; that he had spoken as, had he stopped one moment to reflect, he would not have spoken for the world; and he condemned himself without mercy. But then his wife ought to have considered his impulsiveness, and forborne to exasperate him. Why should she have chosen his weakest point, and tempted him there? Must she not have designed to provoke his temper? If she did, then she was even more in fault than he. And if she did not, she was as much so; for she became angry with him as well as he with her—and first, too!

Thus did *Gordon Wilber* defend himself to his reason; but his heart would not admit the plea. Several times before he reached his place of business he was tempted to return home, and tell *Fanny* how sorry he was, how remorseful, how repentant. But as often as his heart prompted him right, his selfishness prompted him wrong; and all day the latter whispered his spirit full of evil, and held him away from his duty. He did not go home at noon as usual, but dined at a hotel. If, while he was gloomily seated at this meal, he could have seen the interior of his home, the table spread, and his little wife waiting

for him, pale and haggard with the long forenoon's anguish, and pressing back the tears from her sad eyes, that she might meet him proud—had he seen all this, could the wind have borne him home to repentance as swiftly as he would have longed to go? He came very nigh seeing it once, soon after he had seated himself at dinner, and he half rose from the table with the impulse to fly and atone for all; but suddenly right before him appeared the face of his wife with its haughty, forbidding look of the preceding evening, and utterly shut out the scene. He would have his revenge!

Let lonely, watching, weeping Fanny Wilber say how well he had it; how one of the clock struck upon her heart; how two brought a double pang, dull, deep, deeper than tears; and how each added hour, ticked off more slowly than ever hours had gone through clock before, alarmed, thrilled, agonized her more and more. What if he had been taken very sick? Yet that could not be, or else she would have been informed. But what if he had fallen into the river—mind, *fallen*—and drowned?

One—two—three—four—five—six! Supper was ready, supper was waiting. Six o'clock, and he not come! Fanny could not bear another hour: one more stroke of the clock, and he away, would break her heart. She would go and seek—but supposing she should meet him, what could she say? Her graceful little figure straitened up haughtily at this thought, and her lip slightly curled for a moment; but her poor, loving, bleeding heart could not be held back any more by such a pride as that, and she began to put on her outdoor apparel; when all at once a noise was heard at the gate. Suddenly wrapping all day's sorrow in her selfishness, she hurriedly put off and away her things, and stood ready to meet rebuke with rebuke, sternness with sternness, silence with silence. When Gordon opened the door, and beheld his wife looking so cold, so distant, so unyielding, he well-nigh forgot the resolution he had formed on his way home, and was about to seat himself at the supper-table in silence, when the pale, haggard look of her face caught his eye, and smote upon his heart like a stunning blow. He advanced to her, saying, in a faltering voice,

"Fanny, O, how I have wronged you! Can you not forgive me, darling, for?"—

He choked upon that word, caught his wife in his arms, and cried like a child. And Fanny, who thought she had long ago wept her tears all away, leaned her face upon his breast, and sobbed with him. Long did they mingle their

tears without speaking; and at length, when he had recovered himself so as to talk coherently, he told her how much he had suffered for his harshness toward her, how sincerely he repented of it, and how earnestly he desired her forgiveness. How noble and magnanimous he was, thought Fanny, as she smiled to him through her tears; and she forgave him with all her soul, and only wished she had tenfold more to forgive. And yet it was enough; for, as her heart was, *he* had poisoned twenty-four hours of two loving lives, and caused *one* to suffer innocently. She loved her husband more than ever for his generous spirit in confessing his fault; yet, she thought, he did no more than his duty. If she herself had acted so wrong, she would have done the same.

That was what she thought; but what thought her husband? When he had acknowledged his offense, and obtained her glad pardon, he expected she would criminate herself and beg of him forgiveness, and then he should have the sweet pleasure of gratitude in pardoning her for having pardoned him. But she never once alluded to her own share of the blame. Could it be that she had forgotten it? Did she not remember how she had acted and what she had said? It seemed even so; and for the first time Gordon Wilber perceived how blind is selfishness.

But the two were quite happy again, notwithstanding Gordon felt as if there were an incompleteness in their reconciliation, a something lost, which his heart failed to find. The evening glided away swiftly and pleasantly; and not till very late in the night did they say good-by.

For many weeks again their happiness was uninterrupted. Both carefully shunned all approaches to misunderstanding, and were very charitable toward each other. If they had known their enemy, perhaps they never would have wrangled any more. Or if Fanny had been as generous as Gordon was at their first quarrel, this enemy would have been vanquished, and the danger removed. But, as it was, under somewhat similar circumstances another disturbance, deeper than the former, divided them for several days, when Fanny was plaintiff again, and her husband defendant. He at length asked and received pardon as before, though not till he had freely indulged that unconscious spirit in himself, which he now so plainly perceived and so greatly deprecated in his wife.

This second quarrel, so made up, rendered the next more readily approachable; and the next, compromised in like manner, was but a mild precedent to the one that succeeded it; till finally

Gordon and Fanny Wilber's home—with the little boy now, that should have been to it a charm of harmony—had only glimpses of clear sky between clouds of continual storm. Fanny would thoughtlessly say some taunting thing, and Gordon's impetuous nature, growing daily more uncontrollable, would thoughtlessly rise to resent it; bitter words would follow; and long days of sullenness would succeed, terminated at last by his acknowledgment, in words or actions, that *he* had done wrong.

Thus the suit of selfishness was prosecuted, and plaintiff and defendant became less and less reconcilable as the suit went on. She never doubted that he was blamable, because he generally confessed it; and he deemed her so, because she never confessed. How soon this state of affairs might have severed the ties of home, and estranged man and wife forever, had it not been for the simple prattle of a little child!

"Mamma," said little Frank Wilber one morning to his mother, after she and Gordon had quarreled, and the latter had gone out, "don't you love papa?"

"Yes, my darling;" and Fanny colored scarlet, even in the presence of her little boy, to such a question.

"Well then," continued he, "why do you say ugly words to him?"

"Because he says ugly words to me, my child," answered Fanny, filling up with a strange emotion.

"But he never says them to me, mamma; and I am sure he *couldn't*; for I love him so well that I should keep kissing him when he tried to; and then he wouldn't say any thing but 'My own little boy,' and kiss me back again, you know, mamma."

Fanny took the pretty child to her bosom, and almost smothered him with kisses, and wet his face with her tears, weeping all the while aloud. Poor child, he cried, too; but he did not know for what; and if he had asked his mother twenty times more earnestly than he did, she could not have told him. At length, with the great drops chasing down her cheeks, she fixed him for school, kissed him again and again, and sent him away. Then, shutting herself in her room, through all her blinding tears she saw herself as she really was; she saw her husband irritable and violent, but generous and yielding; she saw how all the concessions had come from him, and how selfishly she had forgiven him when she herself had most needed forgiveness; she saw how almost all the provocations had proceeded from herself, trivial though they were, yet enough to rouse so impulsive a temperament as

his; and she saw how a little disinterested love might have prevented all their inharmony and unhappiness, and how it yet might bring back peace to their home. To see all this, with so affectionate and truly good a heart as Fanny Wilber's, was to resolve to be better and do better. Fanny brushed away her tears, and looked glad, as she formed the resolution. Then, with the sweet resolve in her heart, she bathed her face, and cheerfully set about her household duties.

When, at a late hour, Gordon returned for dinner, far from mollified from the mood of the morning by the unpropitious business transactions of the forenoon, Fanny and little Frank were at dinner, as it was nearly the hour for him to go back to school. Gordon's selfishness came uppermost, and this, added to the memory of the morning, fired him instantly.

"After the first table have done, I suppose I may be permitted to eat *my* dinner," he began. "I can wait. Vulgar people who marry above their condition in life must 'learn to labor and to wait,' I presume Longfellow meant. I have labored, and I have waited; but I am used worse and worse every day; and, Mrs. Wilber, if you imagine I will put up with this state of things much longer, you shall soon find you are laboring under a grand mistake. My patience is about exhausted. I don't intend to endure your pettishness and insulting behavior any more. Now, hold your tongue, woman! I don't want to hear one word from your lips, and I won't!"

While Gordon, leaning forward in his chair, with burning face and flashing eyes, was thus pouring out his passion as rapidly as his breath would permit, Fanny felt the hot blood rush up once and throb in her cheeks; but the sweet, imploring look of her boy, whose eyes were swimming in tears, bade it back; and then she sat as meek as her little child, and waited till her husband would let her speak. He, fresh from his excitement, and sullen with the aversion he felt toward his wife, had no disposition to eat; and he turned his chair to the window, and sat gazing out in silent bitterness. Now Fanny rose and noiselessly glided to where he sat with his back turned toward her. Without giving him any other warning of her presence, she softly stole round to his side, and, putting her arm gently round his neck before he knew she was there, laid her soft cheek against his, and murmured, in a tremulous, broken voice,

"Dear husband, won't you *forgive* your poor little Fanny, and love her as you used to do?"

The man, whose heart but an instant before

had been cold iron giving out sparks to flinty selfishness, turned to his wife with a look of speechless astonishment, and then, leaning his head against her bosom, gave way to a loud and uncontrollable burst of anguish. His spirit was subdued to the tenderness of a babe's; she could lead him now to the end of life with a thread of air. "O, my dear little Fanny, how could I be so cruel!" was all he could speak for a very long while. The defendant was utterly lost; both were plaintiffs now; not plaintiffs of each other any more; plaintiffs of self now.

When they could find voice again, with little Frank between them on the sofa—glad little Frank, who had now learned what he and his mother were crying about in the morning—Gordon and Fanny Wilber told each other all how willful, how wicked, and how unhappy MYSELF had been; and resolved all how forgiving, how harmonious, and how peaceful OURSELF should be; and repeated, and could not stop repeating, all how they loved each other now more fondly than before, how each would live for the other always thereafter, and how selfishness should be banished from their hearts forever. And so now there is not a better husband, a better wife, a happier family in all the land, than you may find at the pleasant home of Gordon and Fanny Wilber.

TALK WITH THE SEA.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

I SAID, with a moan, as I roam'd alone,
By the side of the solemn sea,
"O, cast at my feet, which thy billows meet,
Some token to comfort me!
Mid thy surges cold, a ring of gold
I have lost, with an amethyst bright;
Thou hast kept it so long in thy casket strong
That the rust must have quenched its light.

Send a gift, I pray, on thy sheeted spray,
To solace my drooping mind;
For I'm sad and grieve, and must shortly leave
This rolling globe behind."
Then the Sea answered, "Spoils are mine
From many an argosy,
And pearl-drops sleep in my bosom deep,
But nothing have I for thee."

"When I mused before on thy rock-bound shore,
The beautiful walked with me—
She hath gone to her rest in the church-yard's
breast,
Since I saw thee last, thou Sea!
Restore! restore the smile she wore
When her cheek to mine was pressed;

Give back the voice of the fervent soul
That could lighten the darkest blast."

But the haughty Sea, in its majesty,
Swept onward as before,
Though a surge in wrath, from its wrecking path,
Called out to the sounding shore,
"Thou hast asked of our King a harder thing
Than mortal e'er claimed before;
For never the wealth of a loving heart
Could Ocean or Earth restore."

THE HEART-HARP.

BY NANNIE CLARK.

HEAR'ST thou that strain of sadly wailing music,
Whose trembling notes fall gently on thy ear,
Reminding thee of some sweet minstrel singing
Between a radiant smile and trembling tear?

'Tis like the whispering of the autumn breezes,
Just floating o'er the beds of faded flowers,
And softer far than Æolia could waken
From her sweet harp, 'mid amaranthine bowers.
Sweet trembling heart-harp! once thy strings did
vibrate

To the clear notes of wild, impassioned bliss;
And the bright angels—Hope and Joy—that tuned
thee,

Made vows of love, and sealed them with a kiss.
But, ah! full soon a stranger hand swept o'er thee,
And gone fore'er were those gay tones of thine,
And from thee broke a low and mournful wailing,
And sadly sweet, yet seeming half divine.

Sorrow had come; and happy, bright-eyed Joy
Affrighted grew, and ceased her glad some lay,
And, bending one fond look on Hope beside her,
Clapped her bright wings and lightly soared
away.

And now while Sorrow sings her saddest numbers,
Bright Hope sits by with holy, upturned eyes;
With Sorrow's notes her own she sweetly blendeth,
And sings of Joy and bliss beyond the skies.

NEVER GIVE UP.

BY ALICE CARY.

FLY not ignobly, threatening harm,
Nor by vain courage be misled,
Trusting the serpent's power to charm
Ere that your heel be on his head.

But in the hour of evil chance—
And hours of evil chance will fall—
Strike, though with but a broken lance!
Strike, though you have no lance at all!

No matter what the odds may be,
The utmost strength you have, assume;
Life's barest possibility
Is brighter than the bravest tomb.

LIGHT AT HOME.

THE heart that answers not gushingly to the following description of an Eden-home must be depraved, indeed:

Where congenial creations meet here in a true holy relation, the children thus born are the flowerings of Eden, as John Neal has said, "the cryptogamia of the sky." Lovingly the heavens brood over the roof-tree. Earliest in the morning, Hesperus beams in golden bright through the lattice, and aslant his rays glide down the fingers of angels, each sliding with lute-like melody to bless the morning dream. More gladsome and more powerful angels use the sharp, warm rays of the sun, courser-like, and they enter in and move here and there with a great joy, making glad every thing within the precincts, magnetizing all within into happiness, so that the discords and turmoils of the world without are forgotten or unknown.

All day they come and go—they move in what men call sunshine athwart the carpet, they dance like a golden ball through a crevice in the cornice, and adown the garden walk they march in bright battalions. They stir at the curtain; they press the bud, and it blooms; they kiss the fountain, and it is a rainbow; they even touch the strings of the harp, and it gives out one note so heavenly sweet that you turn round, and look and wonder whence it came; then the pendants of the chandelier click, and the birds give out melody, and the baby smiles in the cradle, all because of the loving angels who come to the household, just as they go to any heaven where love is.

Ah! the garments wax not old there; the moth and rust of discontent mar no line of beauty there; birds and blossoms cluster there; white doves coo from the eave-tops, and the trees lean away from the roof lest their great branches shut out the sunshine, and the blue sky, and the loving stars that brood over. Fair children creep to the threshold, and look out wondering, yet glad-some, as if they looked first out into the great world from the heaven of home—they shrink inward again, but at length they bound over the door-sill away, leaving the sunlight upon the door, and stealing inward, inward, to where lies the Bible upon the table, and a mother's pure brow lifted in prayer.

Onward, onward, casting but few and transient glances backward, they go; but at length sickness comes, and they long for the dear old home; sorrow comes, and they see the sunshine streaming as of old through the open door, and falling

upon the sacred word. But the mother is an angel now, and they long to return to the dear old home. Then passion, and change, and tumult, shake the man mightily, and he rests not day nor night till he, too, sets up the altar of home, and calls the angels to enter the tabernacle he has built. Woman, thou art the angel of home. Go, look not into thy gilded glass, but look down into the clear, bright fountain which gave back thy face in childhood. Art thou an angel of light, causing sunshine over the sill? or of darkness, brooding like a raven wing over the family altar?

DARK AT HOME.

IN contrast to the above, the following is set—for hatred has its home also. Here it is. Do you wish, reader, ever to see your home the reflection of it?

The morning star sends down his angels into the abode, but it is already filled. Discord is knotting the cruel nerve, and making deep the harsh wrinkle. Wiry, mischief-loving spirits prompt the blow-loving hand, and whisper and gibber malicious, envious, and jealous dreams into the sleeping ear. The sun glides jubilant into the window; but he is repelled by damp, noisome images lurking within. Snake-like creatures keep ward and watch. Moles, and bats, and moths, and reptiles silently destroy. Dark vines darken the lattice. The raven and the night-owl have usurped the roof. Obscure rappings and mysterious movements fill the space more with terror than with awe. The child in the cradle cries sharply, for his holy guardian contends with the black spirit which would force him away. Children creep to the threshold, and look into the great unknown world, but it looks less terrible than home, and they creep forth, willing to encounter the worst. They look backward, but there is no sunshine on the sill, no brooding love-angel there. Sickness comes, and the cold charity of the stranger is welcome. Sorrow comes, and the "silver cord" which binds together the great human family draws him into the circle, and owns him brother. Passion and crime pluck at the miserable man, and there are no memories of holy wisdom to say "remember;" no prayer rising like a cool incense between the scorched heart and heaven, and he battles the world alone, weak and unaided, for home was no home for the spirit. Woman, look to it. This is thy work—this blood is upon thy skirts.

LIFE SCENES AND LESSONS.

BY REV. J. W. WILEY, M. D.

I SAT a few days since by the bedside of a pious but lowly and afflicted child of God. For many months she had been confined to her bed of suffering, and had not only endured the pains of disease, but also the discomforts and anxieties of poverty. Her name in better and happier days had been entered on the registry of the Christian Church, and stood now enrolled on its poor list, and she had frequently received of its charities. Formal relief had thus been ministered to her immediate necessities as they arose, and the kindly visits and ministrations of some of her neighbors, but little raised above herself in the goods of this world, saved her from actual want. Money had been placed in her hands—the tea, the sugar, the arrow-root, the sago, and the little indispensables of the sick chamber, had been provided for her; but one thing had been lacking during these months of suffering and confinement; and how much the want of even one thing will annoy the poor and suffering, and mar the enjoyment of even the comforts which are possessed! The little food that the varying appetite had craved to nourish a sinking body had always been given, but there had been provided no food for the mind; and the craving appetite of the pious soul, seeking for Christian communion, and longing for fellowship with kindred minds, had only been met by the occasional and brief visitations of those appointed over the administration of the Church's charities—visits which, like those of angels, to quote a familiar expression, were few and far between.

One kindred spirit, not on errands of charity, but of kindness and love, had found, and as frequently as possible visited this stricken child of her Master. She was blessed of the Lord as the bearer of peace and strength to this afflicted disciple, and the return of her visits was looked for by the sufferer with much more interest and anxiety than for those of the formal almoners of charity; for she brought light, and peace, and strength to an anxious and aspiring soul, while they only brought bread for a feeble appetite and sinking body. But ill health and a pressure of other duties had long prevented this messenger of peace from visiting her friend, and the lonely sufferer was left to the communion of her own thoughts, and to draw upon the resources of her own mind for encouragement and strength. No wonder her spirits drooped, and her faith began to decline; for the exercise of faith, too,

depends much upon circumstances, and is greatly aided by means.

One of those strange seasons of doubt and darkness which not unfrequently, and sometimes most inexplicably, visit the children of God, came upon this suffering disciple; and after struggling with the tempter through two dreary days and sleepless nights without receiving light or comfort, she at length sent for her friend. She came, and the communion of kindred spirits—both touched by the love of God, the one light, and free, and full of faith, but the other drooping and weighed down through manifold temptations—the interchange of thoughts and feelings, the mingling of hearts and voices in prayer, soon gave wings to the faith of the desponding sufferer, and she soared above the adversities, the pains, the mysteries of the present, and rejoiced in hope of the goodness and glory of God.

On the following day the writer sat by her bedside, and listened to the story of her lonely sufferings and tedious confinement; but was most of all interested in the manner in which she spoke of the blessed services of her friend who had ministered to her in holy things. With a voice tremulous with emotion, and tears coursing down her pale cheeks, which disease had thinned and chiseled out with a ruthless hand, she spoke of the visit of the previous day—of how the clouds broke away, of how her fears were dispelled, of her faith mounting up as on eagles' wings, as they talked and communed together of God, and the Savior, and the better world above. "O," said the sufferer, "she seemed like an angel of light—like a messenger that the Savior had sent, as he sent Ananias to Saul, to instruct and comfort me." "Do you not think," she inquired, "that God often sends his children to the poor, the suffering, and the tempted, as the instrument through whom he imparts comfort and faith?" My heart responded affirmatively, for I thought "we are laborers together with God;" and I remembered that "pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep ourself unspotted from the world." And I remembered, too, that the Savior had said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." And then I thought how many a sick chamber might be made light, how many a home of poverty might be cheered and blessed, how many broken and sorrowful hearts might be bound up and healed, how many a drooping, suffering Christian might be comforted and strengthened,

if we had more ministering angels in human form meet to be sent by the Master as messengers of peace to his suffering saints; and I thought, too, how many might be blessed themselves while thus blessing others, for I felt a strange warmness about my own heart, and a little loftier flight of my own faith, while listening to the experience of this suffering, but rejoicing child of God.

Not many days ago there was a loud ring at the door-bell, just as we had sat down to dinner. The bell was answered, and we heard a rough voice in the hall ask if "the preacher" was in. The speaker seemed to be in a hurry, and was unwilling to wait till we had finished our meal. Our visitor was a poor drunkard, whose soiled and tattered garments, bloated countenance, and trembling hand, proved that rum had enslaved and impoverished him, and his loaded breath betrayed his recent debauch. He was accompanied by a little girl, about thirteen years of age, whose forlorn appearance needs no other description than that she was a drunkard's child.

"I have come to sign the pledge," was the first word spoken by the wretched man, as he grasped our hand and burst into tears. "I am a poor, miserable creature that have been trying for four months to drown my sorrows with liquor, but find that it is only adding fuel to the fire that burns within me."

Poor fellow! he had, indeed, been a subject of affliction and a man of sorrows. Twelve years ago, with the companion of his heart and life and three pledges of their wedded love, he left England, the land of his birth, in humble circumstances, but full of hope that in the land of liberty and equality his strong arm could earn the means of support for his little family. He brought with him his credentials of membership in the Church of Christ; but, as is too often the case, even with these he found he was a stranger in a strange land, and that the reality of a life in the new world was quite different from the golden dreams and anticipations he had of it when at home. Ten years had passed away in struggling with adverse circumstances, meeting with and enduring the many disappointments and reverses which come upon the friendless and portionless stranger, on whom we too often look with suspicion because he is unknown, and for whom our sympathies too often move slowly, because he first saw the light and breathed the air of heaven in some other land than ours. During this time, by first losing confidence in man, he lost his hope in God, and thus lost the only sure anchor to the soul that is given to the poor.

Two years ago his wife sunk beneath the weight of cares that had come upon her, and was relieved of the burden of a sorrowing life. During the progress of another year two of his children fell, and in a few months another, and about four months since his first-born, just rising into womanhood, was removed from the scenes of a sad and dreary life, leaving him alone—O, how much alone!—with the last of his demolished household, the little girl that accompanied him. The strokes were too heavy, and he sank beneath them. He had lost the only principle that would have sustained him in these sore bereavements, and he sought to drown the remembrance of them in the drunkard's cup. Four months of almost perpetual intoxication could not stay the pinchings of want, nor drown the memory of his loved ones, nor crush the aspirations of a deathless soul.

"I have come to sign the pledge, for I find that rum only adds fuel to the fire that burns within me;" and then he added, in words that reached the heart, and that have been recurring to my thoughts again and again ever since, "Excuse me, sir, but I have come to you, because I find that no one will come to me." I heard his story; I wrote him a pledge and received his signature; I listened to his earnest prayer to God that he might be able to keep that pledge; I saw him place it—signed by his own name, and, at his request, witnessed by mine—in the hands of his little, ragged child, and heard him say, with the big tears coursing down his rough cheeks, "There, Maggy, I have done it, and I will stand to it; keep this, and if your father is ever again tempted and should fall, show him this that he may see his shame and dishonor;" but still the words that had gone before would recur to my thoughts, and have made the most vivid impression of all on my mind—"I have come to you, because I find that no one will come to me."

True, poor drunkard, no one comes to you. We do not forget you; we have temperance societies, and temperance meetings, and make temperance speeches; we labor faithfully and hard to secure prohibitory laws, and to remove temptation out of your way; but we do not come to you. We do not visit your wretched hovel; we do not sit down in your rum-blasted home; we do not take you by the hand, and administer encouragement in your adversities, comfort you in your sorrows and bereavements, affectionately urge you to abandon your home-desolating, body-paralyzing, and soul-destroying habit, and strengthen you by our countenance,

our sympathy, and our aid in breaking away from your thralldom. We hate intemperance; drunkenness is disgusting; and too often a portion of our hatred and disgust passes over from the vice to the unhappy victim, and our charities fail for the drunkard. Want and wretchedness visit your household; but too often our charities are chilled because it is the home of the drunkard. Our sympathies are moved when we reflect on the solitude and loneliness of your wife, unloved and uncared for in the miserable home your intemperance has made for her; but they droop again when we remember she is the drunkard's wife, and is lonely and desolate because you have yielded to a demon passion. We often think, but we seldom *come*. We often turn aside and withhold our charities from your ragged, hatless, and bootless boy, because he is a drunkard's child.

Reader, let me give you two texts, not to build theories upon, or even as subjects from which to preach sermons or enforce homiletics, but to take with you into your hours of thoughtfulness and meditation, and to carry with you into your practical every-day life. The first is the language of the poor, lone, suffering child of God, pining in solitude for the communion of kindred spirits: "Do you not think that God often sends his children to the poor, the suffering, and the tempted, as the instruments through whom he imparts comfort and faith?" Yes. Go thou and see if God will not make thee a messenger of strength and comfort to some disquieted and tempted child, deprived of the means of grace, and pining in solitude and suffering. Go thou, and God will make thine own heart the channel of mercy and joy to his suffering child, and its beams and its bliss will illuminate and thrill thine own soul.

The second is the language of the poor drunkard, convinced of his folly, ready to turn from his iniquity, and feeling after God and purity, but finding no one to visit him, no hand to lead him: "I have come to you, because I find no one will come to me." Go to the poor drunkard. Be not afraid of the filth and wretchedness of his miserable home. Do not despise him because he is an unhappy slave, nor his family because his vice has made them wretched. The drunkard has a heart, and mostly, too, a heart that can be easily touched. Listen to his story—for every drunkard has his story to tell—and it is a story of human life, of wrongs endured, of affections blighted, of blasted hopes, of a withered heart; and often his story will soften and greatly palliate his crime, and repay you for

listening by its interest and its warnings. The drunkard is to be pitied, not despised; and we must be careful that our detestation of the vice does not fall on the unhappy victim. There is danger of this, and we let the drunkard, and his smitten wife, and his ragged child alone. Go to the poor drunkard; there may be many more ready to abandon the miserable vice, and turn again to virtue and industry, but they find no voice to encourage, no hand to lead them forth. Going to the poor, friendless outcast has a powerful influence on his heart, and he sinks under the living voice of kindness and entreaty when nothing else would move or bend him.

THE MANY AND THE FEW.

BY J. D. BELL.

WE often hear it said that in America the people hold the sovereign power; or, in other words, that with us the majority, not the minority, rule.

Now, in one sense, this is true enough; but in another it is far too true. Did you ever think what sort of a sway a purely popular one would be? We have lively hints given us often from which we may form some notion of the nature of such a sway. These are had in all those sudden emergencies where, for the time, we find the people left entirely to themselves. Such emergencies are by no means uncommon. They happen in every nation at least by the year. In ours they occur oftener than that. They are occasions when the ordinary restraints imposed upon the masses by the intelligent individuals scattered through society are quite thrown off. The many, in a word, are without the few. And in all such cases, you know, there is unfolded to us a scene of wild confusion and disorder. The people go rampant. They seem to have lost all power of reason and all appearance of intelligence. They run blindly into dangerous pathways of error; chase hotly the butterfly whims of fashion; give unbounded credence to the most visionary theories; and, overleaping all landmarks and barriers, go heaving, and panting, and shouting after the flying phantoms of infatuated fanaticism,

"Like ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather or to drown a fly."

It takes but small, and often insignificant, causes to bring about seasons of evanescent anarchy. You can not tell how soon the masses in America will rise and rush under the wild impulses of a contagious passion for the curious and the new.

A very little wine will make any nation drunk enough to reel. Think what an effort at restraint is required to be made on some of our days of public festivity to keep the masses from corrupting themselves! Think of the strange freaks and follies incident to our elections and party scrambles, when they seem to be let loose with all their fury!

All popular excitements too sudden in their rise to admit of being suppressed at once, and all instances of unrestrained hero-worship, go to show us what would become of the majority without the minority, the many without the few.

The popular mind of every nation is always more or less liable to be characterized by the same weak fickleness that was exhibited in such an extraordinary manner by the French in the days of Napoleon. You know how the masses of Paris under the Bourbon administration changed in spirit through all the degrees of feeling, from utter aversion to unbounded favor, as the falcon-eyed Corsican made his way from Elba, the seat of his exile, up to the capital. By a strange metamorphosis, he was one day a hideous monster, at whom the whole city seemed to gnash their teeth in scornful defiance; and the next a beautiful emperor again, at whose feet that very host of haters bowed in sycophantic idolatry.

The history of every nation will give you numberless instances analogous to this—all which are significant of that state of things which would follow upon an entire resignation of the sovereign power into the hands of the people.

Thus, by supposing it for a time to be inoperative, can we form some just estimate of the influence of that limited number of men who keep the world in its orbit of reason. We are quite apt to forget that there is a far-seeing aristocracy of merit, ever planning, creating, and conserving for the well-being of humanity. The influence of this wise and intelligent minority is the secret of human progress. Take this from mankind, and all the nations of the world would soon be groping in heathen darkness. It was only when the people saw that Moses delayed to come down from the top of Sinai, that they gathered themselves together, and, forgetting the God whose voice had just been thundering in their stupid ears, and the radiance of whose countenance still lighted up the summit of the mountain before them, set up the molten calf and worshiped it. It was only when Solon had withdrawn his wisdom from Athens, and gone to visit surrounding nations, that the spirit of the Athenians began to grow corrupt. It was only when Lycurgus doomed himself to voluntary exile, as he vainly

thought for the good of Sparta, that the Lacedæmonians ceased to flourish and began to decline. So long as these great lawgivers and guides were at their posts dispensing counsel and exercising control, their people were prosperous and progressive. Moses with the Jews was security enough against their corrupting themselves by the worship of false gods. The Areopagus was but a council of Solons, and every Athenian knew his place and kept it, while Solon stood over the people the great democrat of democracy. Freedom, peace, good order, personal and public religion, the fine arts—in a word, all that makes society secure and government strong, had then a value too high and sacred to be trifled with. And so in Sparta the presence of Lycurgus was evidence enough of the truth of his significant maxim, that "that city is well fortified which has a wall of men instead of bricks." His voice alone was sufficient to maintain the currency of iron specie; and with him to sanction it, a yoke of oxen drawing the value of ten minæ was no scene for popular ridicule.

We see, then, that it is not the many but the few that control the destinies of nations. And thus we find that there is something sure for society and all good systems of government to lean upon. It is in this fact, too, that we are to look for the secret of the origin and conservation of every human good. Nothing is valuable but as an intelligent minority will and fix it so to be. Every invention, book, custom, law, and institution, whether old or new, thus comes by whatever enduring worth and significance are attached to it. It has not been the many, but a persevering few, that have thought all the great thoughts, made all the great discoveries, and devised all the great schemes, by which the triumphs of civilization have thus far been achieved. It was not the many, but the mere handful of thinking individuals, that rescued Homer's *Iliad* and the histories of Herodotus, and the works of Horace and Tacitus, and Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and Shakspeare's plays, from the merciless grasp of oblivion. It was not the many, but a few wise men in the east, that saw and interpreted the star of Bethlehem. It was not the many, but a small party of Christian scholars, that first gathered together the precious manuscripts of the holy Bible, and kept that book of books from growing old up through the long dark ages of superstition and treachery.

But to see more clearly to what an extent the many are dependent on the few, in all the departments of social life, let us observe, as one of many examples that might be given, how fluctuating

and uncertain would be the estimate put upon all established customs if left to popular caprice and dictation.

You can not say how long the present modes of social intercourse—the forms of salutation, manners of showing regard and reverence, rules of propriety and decency, and all those unnumbered conventionalities of refined life that tend to restrain men from insolent boldness and open vice—would survive an entire surrender of power to the people, or a complete practical acknowledgment of the principle of popular sovereignty. The great body of mankind do but use and enjoy. They have no capacity for exercising that wise conservatism whose aim is to preserve good customs from untimely desuetude by oft-repeated consecration. We may judge by the strange fickleness of fashion how unstable would be the value of every custom if left to popular predilection and control. Think how like the fancies of a dream the wandering whims of arbitrary innovation throng upon each other! And this is but the consequence of handing over to the masses the entire sovereignty of style and etiquette. From the same ever-hankering appetite for novelty the very continuities of tradition are in danger. What are periodic commemorations and national annals but means made use of by the guides of mankind to keep great events and great names from being forgotten? Not long would the people, if left to their natural proclivities, preserve the succession of the great days of history. The nativity of Christ would soon cease to be celebrated on Christmas, and the very Sabbath might be suffered to pass by, as it did in France during the Reign of Terror, without the sound of a church-going bell or the sanctitude of a Gospel sermon. The states of our own great republic, before many generations, would fail to observe their appointed days of fasting and thanksgiving, and forget, perhaps, to hail their Fourth of July with declarations of heart-felt gratitude and active patriotism.

Thus are we irresistibly forced to the conclusion, that there are no inherent tendencies in the popular mind which necessitate or do ever produce absolute progress in the right direction. In other words, the masses can in no case be safely left to themselves. But this, however, as you can not but see, does in no wise weaken the claims they have upon the regard of all intelligent men. It is rather a fact which is calculated to awaken in the heart of every enlightened patriot and philanthropist a deep and abiding anxiety for the humanity of the people. It should prompt to a closer watching of the beat-

ing of the great human heart and to wiser attempts at general improvement. How should this fact arouse the great and good men of the world! How zealous and self-sacrificing should it make them in endeavoring to impart a right tone to popular sentiment; to make the voice of the people, as near as may be, the voice of God; to stimulate the people to co-operate with magnanimous individuals in working out pure and noble ideals of human beneficence; to build up useful institutions; to enact wise laws; to defend good customs from popular tendencies to dissolution; and to warn the masses faithfully of the danger of presumption and the doom of wrong! Not to be despised are the people for going wrong as often as right. As well might the planets be scouted for their eclipses and half days of darkness. Those men who were designed by Providence to be the great enlighteners of mankind are responsible, more or less, for popular evils and errors. They have power to mold the people at will. To them belong the keys that unlock the gates of reform. They are the suns to shed light where there is darkness, and to carry heat where there is coldness; to make the desert places of society freshen and bloom, and its dead communities live and flourish. The many may be culpable, but the few will be more culpable. The Epicureans were blameworthy, but Epicurus was more so. Pontius Pilate was more guilty of the blood of Jesus than were the Jewish rabble. In the day of doom Mohammed shall suffer for the dupes of the Koran, Joe Smith for the Mormons, Voltaire and Hume for the infidels, and the Papal hierarchs for their poor, misguided devotees. Thus all the great leaders and tacticians, by whose stubborn ambition and misdirected genius nations and communities were misled on earth, will find in eternity the masses victimized by their influence depending on the sacrifice of their souls, just as the children of Israel sought an expiation for their sins in the shed blood of goats and bullocks.

But, on the other hand, what "an eternal weight of glory" will be found in store for those illustrious men whose lives were spent in labors of magnanimous and holy love! "On the day of resurrection some faces shall become white and other faces shall become black." Herod, the Tetrach of Galilee, from some dark table-land in the world of despair, surrounded by his emissaries of persecution, will then see John the Baptist, whom he ordered to be beheaded, seated in glorious light, with an army of saints arrayed in white robes gathered about him. And here

and there on neighboring heights, in the same sunless realm, the haughty old popes, each thronged with the fawning minions and willing dupes that bowed at his feet on earth, will see the great Luther and his co-workers in the Reformation leading over the beautiful hills of paradise, in long and majestic lines of march, the myriad host of Protestants redeemed by their influence from the dominion of the Man of Sin.

Thus shall the fate of all those who gained fame in doing evil, and the fate of all those who became illustrious in doing good, be brought into awful contrast in God's last reckoning-time with human souls!

So thou canst not but see, great man! that to elevate, and improve, and bless mankind should be thy only business here in the world. This was the task thy Creator assigned for thee to do. Lay aside then thy inglorious aims, thy schemes of vain ambition, and go down among the people and save them. They plead for thy influence and thy counsels, those masses of poor, ignorant, misguided, stumbling men, women, and children. Go thou and lift them up to higher vantage-grounds. Give them more light. Shine upon them with thy sunlit soul. Lead them to the pure fountains of intelligence. Be to them a faithful guide and guardian in thy day and generation.

So do, and then, when the time comes for thee to depart from earth, it shall be thine to hope and trust, unfalteringly, that thou hast not lived in vain.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

THROUGH a forest quaint and quiet,
Under arches green and cool,
Lay the path so often trodden,
Leading to our summer school.
Fir-trees flung their somber shadows
O'er the wild and winding way;
Long green branches o'er us clasping,
Kindly keeping out the day.
Half-bid nooks of blushing flowers,
Tempting oft our wayward feet,
Led us, lingering, from the pathway
Till the moments, flying fleet,
Brought at length the cheering summons
Of the distant school-house bell,
Waking, as we went, faint echoes
Which along the forest fell.
Rough and rude their humble school-house,
All the seats ranged in a row,
Making quite unheard-of angles
With the windows wide and low.

But the grass grew green before it;
Mossy maples murmured round;
Graceful birches, bending o'er it,
Trailed their tassels to the ground.
Back not far among the foliage
Glanced a gently gliding gleam,
Coming with the mellow music
Of a softly singing stream.
Loved and loving was our teacher,
Ellen of the soft blue eye,
Memory in our heart hath shrined her
With the things that can not die.
Kind and careful, gentle ever,
By her tender, thrilling tone
Banishing all dread and making
Rhythm of the "rules" alone.
Welcoming each blessed beauty
Which her loving search had found,
Mingling it with daily duty,
Making all things bright around.
All the day thus learning, loving,
Till each trying task was done;
Happy only at our parting
If the teacher's smile were won.
Turned we then our footsteps homeward,
Lingering to greet each glade,
Till the sinking sunshine made us
Fearful of the evening shade.
From the forest to the farm-house,
Passing o'er a pleasant plain,
Greeted we the blooming orchards
And green fields of growing grain.
Buttercups in bunches blossomed
All along the rural road;
O'er the hedges clumps of clover
Heavy with their honey-load.
Soon at home, retiring, weary
Of the rambles of the day,
Sleeping soundly till the morning
Roused us with its rosy ray.
Out amid the buds and birds'-nests,
With the bees among the flowers;
All together sporting gayly
Through the merry morning hours.
Thus all day, from early dawning,
Weary only with the light:
Bees, and birds, and blessed blossoms
Mingling in our dreams at night.
O the charms of early childhood!
Changing in a cheerful chime;
All its shadow turned to sunshine,
All its round a running rhyme.

HAPPINESS.

How cheap

Is genuine happiness, and yet how dearly
Do we all pay for its base counterfeit!

THE P'S AND Q'S OF MODERN REFORMERS.

BY REV. O. M. SPENCER, A. M.

THIS is an age of unprecedented change. The heaven of reform is pervading the whole mass of community. "Old things are passing away, and behold all things are becoming new." Every thing is assuming a new aspect. The bells of time are ringing incessantly, and every successive peal gives a new coloring to the complexion of passing events.

This is an age of unparalleled power. The human mind is exerting its utmost energies, as if about to compass heaven and earth and grasp the infinite. At each convulsive throb it endeavors to surpass the last, and at each successive throes gives prodigious birth to mental triumphs, more startling and unaccountable than if legions of warriors, armed cap-a-pie, should leap forth from the rocking base of a laboring mountain, or the fiery crater of an angry volcano.

This is an age of feverish excitement and energetic action. Every thing appears to be in motion. The public pulse is throbbing wildly, and every pulsation is the death knell of some expiring system or the harbinger of a new. This is no time for the mentally maimed, the halt, or the blind. No facilities exist for constructing crutches—no provision is made for intellectual cripples. Infirmarys have been transformed into gymnasiums, and hospitals into garrisons. A moral whirlwind is sweeping with fearful energy through both hemispheres, and thousands of all ages, and sexes, and conditions in life are attempting to direct its pathway.

These all, without distinction, call themselves reformers, though many of them, like the plagues of Egypt, are more potent in destruction than in reformation. The fire, and hail, and swarms of locusts would leave no trace of any thing green or beautiful.

Others are harmless because they are powerless. The foamings of their impotent rage only serve to excite the pity of their friends and the contempt of their foes. Like scorpions encompassed by fire they only lacerate themselves and each other with their poisonous stings. And if in their misguided zeal they should assail virtue, or in their delirious lunacy should hurl their weapons against the Bible, like the arrows which the Parthians directed toward the sun, they will return with double vengeance upon their heads.

And yet there are others who possess the spirit of true reformers. This is to be seen at home in the remodeling old constitutions and the adoption of new, better adapted to the wants and demands

of society; while pilgrim bees from abroad are extracting honey from the existing institutions of our country to deposit in the political hive of their own. It is to be seen in all those social or religious reforms which have for their object the amelioration of man and the glory of God. Their energies are directed by love and their zeal is tempered with discretion. Such we would bid God-speed. But there are others whom we can not wish such good success. A few classes of these we propose briefly to notice.

And, first, we would call attention to a class of spurious reformers whom we shall call

QUIDNUNCES.

These are they who know, or pretend to know, every thing—who will stand up and say,

"I am Sir Oracle,

When I ope my lips let no dog bark."

They conceive society to be an arch and themselves to be the keystone, and they graciously condescend to sustain this important position to the social fabric, lest the whole structure should be precipitated in ruin. It is not difficult to perceive that they "think more highly of themselves than they ought to think;" for by some self-magnifying process the simpleton has become a sage, and the fool a philosopher. They are a good deal like young Sheridan without his honesty, who once told his father that if he ever got into Parliament he meant to set a sign upon his head inscribed, "to let." "Yes," said Sheridan, "and add, *unfurnished*." Were it not that nature is opposed to a vacuum, their heads, on a post-mortem examination, would be found as "concave as a worm-eaten nut;" so in lieu of brains she has substituted brass.

Vanity is the atmosphere in which they live and breathe. Like frogs in an exhausted receiver, they swell and inflate themselves almost to bursting with empty nothingness. Were we a physician we would pronounce their disease mental plethora, and for a reduction would prescribe "leeches and cataplasms."

The second class we notice are,

QUACKS.

Reformers of this description are found in every department of the social, professional, religious, and political systems. Like the frogs of Egypt, they "come into our houses, and into our bedchambers, and upon our beds; into our ovens and into our kneading-troughs." We find them every-where. We have *professional* quacks. These abound, especially in the practice of medicine, so that the false disciples of *Æsculapius* not only outnumber the faithful, but meet with more extensive patronage. "Their eyes stand out with

fatness," and "their tongue walketh through the earth." It is scarcely possible to conceive with what presumption and effrontery they palm off their villainous compounds upon an unsuspecting public. Were a mountebank, while vending his panaceas, to proclaim in the market-place that a bubble swallowed without breaking would be a certain cure for baldness and blindness, pain and palsy, headache and heartache, verily there are many who would try the experiment.

We have *political* quacks. There are *parvenu* politicians, who seem to think that taxation is the alpha and omega of the science of government. They have not even learned the alphabet of civil polity. And yet by dint of their dexterity in political legerdemain, they succeed to admiration in deceiving the "dear people." Some of them have two creeds, which, like the beds of the Neapolitans, serve them two purposes—one for *show*, the other for *service*.

Nor is the ministry exempt; for all ministers are empirics who depart from a clear and common-sense interpretation of the Scriptures.

There are *social* and *religious* quacks; the advocates of Millerism and Mormonism—of the different species of Agrarianism and Communism, together with the high-priests of other charlatanical systems, who would, if possible, "deceive the very elect." If we regard the public health, the only safe way is to let their nostrums alone.

The third class of spurious reformers we would call

QUIXOTISTS.

We can not pause to enumerate the several subdivisions that go to constitute it, for their "name is legion." Suffice it to say, that all who are the advocates of visionary, impracticable, or, in a word, Quixotic schemes of reform, belong to this class. Some of their systems are merely the fickle fancies of distempered brains. Others, like the utopia of Sir Thomas Moore, with much that is infeasible, contain many valuable suggestions. Others, again, are as wild and extravagant as the exploits of the hero of Cervantes.

It is said of the fountain of Hammon, that it is cold by day and hot by night. So there is a certain class of reformers, who would not only *revolutionize* the natural order of things but entirely *reverse* them. While the Socialists would have all the heavenly bodies possess an equal share in the rings of Saturn or the satellites of Jupiter, there are others—with whom Joan of Arc is the type of womanhood—who would have the sun rule by night and the moon by day, or both rule together. So they go to work to construct levers to lift the pale queen out of

her orbit, and thus leave night without a luminary.

And yet these all think that they are verily doing God service, and it may be they are. Pope says:

"'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own."

We would not condemn all attempts at moral reform; far from it. It was natural enough for a boy, when going to mill, to consider it a good reason for carrying a stone in one end of the bag and flour in the other, because his "father did it." But we will not reason thus. We will stand, if possible, upon the shoulders of our forefathers and take in a more extended view. There is great necessity for a moral reform. The Augean stable needs cleansing; where shall we find the Hercules to do it? 'Tis true, God almighty might, if he saw proper, work without means. He can at any time make "the wickedness of man to praise him." Beneath his controlling hand the lust of Henry VIII became a propagandist of the Reformation in England, and the ambition of Philip III, of Spain, a sentinel to guard and keep it there. And now he could commission hair-brained visionaries to become the apostles of a mighty revolution; and from the wild insanity of their dreams evoke systems of moral beauty and sublimity. But this is not his general course; he works by instrumentalities. Among these we propose noticing briefly the pen, the pulpit, the press, and the platform—what they are, and what they should be in order that each may accomplish its great moral mission. And first,

THE PEN.

Colton divides readers into three classes—those who read to think, those who read to write, and those who read to talk. To cater to the tastes of these three kinds of readers authors have divided themselves into three classes also. 1. Those who write to please. 2. Those who write to profit. 3. Those who write to please and profit.

There are many who write to please only. This being their main object they convey little or no instruction. Fruit will be found very scarce—flowers and foliage in abundance.

Volume succeeds volume in rapid succession. As they fall from the press they are devoured with avidity by the reading public, and after enjoying a temporary notoriety, like that of a popular ballad, they are thrown aside and are soon forgotten. A very few works of this class will live forever. Though possessing but little intrinsic merit in themselves, having been embalmed

by great genius, as flies in amber, their destiny is thus linked with immortality. Authors of this class we can not but respect for their talents, though we think they might have been employed to better purpose.

There are others, however, worthy only of contempt. While master minds create the taste, they supply it. While others kill, vulture-like they feed upon the carcass. They are literary scavengers who will gather up the offal and refuse of others, dress it over and then present it to the public palate. In this respect they resemble the French cooks of the Parisian *cafes*, who consider a metamorphosis of tainted fragments as the *ne plus ultra* of the culinary art. Finding that they can not present to the public taste the wine of a pure literature, they deal out the very dregs that persons of the baser order may "wring them out and drink them," or else they will enter the literary vineyard of another, pluck flowers, and fruit, and foliage, and then graft them upon their own puny, dwindling vines as if they were their natural growth. For this petit larceny upon the personal property of literary men, such persons ought to be condemned like common criminals; and as they steal and write merely for a living, they should be furnished with bread and water at the public expense.

There are other novel-writers who are more original. Like a spirit lamp they generate their own fuel, but it is only gas. And yet such authors would fain persuade themselves and others that their literary gaslight is superior to and cheaper than mental daylight. It is easy to perceive that such writers are in love with themselves, and so unfortunate as to have no rival. They write to please, but they please no one but themselves; and while they are in raptures over the productions of their genius, others, who have the patience to read their sickly sentimentalism, find their pens to be pointless and their tales without a moral.

Another variety of this class remains yet to be noticed. Those who constitute it are neither original authors, servile imitators, nor literary pilferers, but translators of transatlantic thought, all tainted, putrid, and corrupting as it is, and then wholesale merchants of the same. They are literary funnels through which French poison is poured down American throats. The electrical spiders of literature, carrying discharges from the positive to the negative pole, till there is an equilibrium of corrupting influences. "I am ashamed," says a modern writer—Dr. Beecher—"that any satanic pilgrim should voyage to France to dip from the Dead Sea of her abominations a

baptism for our sons." For such no usage would be too severe. They are villainous vagabonds, to whom correction with a cowhide would be the greatest charity.

But we notice, secondly, those who write to profit. The productions of these authors are the bone and sinew of literature. Their books contain *multum in parvo*. Their merit consists not in their style but in their matter. You meet with no useless ornaments or adventitious appendages; no rhetorical paraphernalia or broad phylacteries, but an exceeding "plainness of speech." Every sentence bends and breaks with the burden of its meaning. They are especially adapted to those who read to write—who wish to become authors, and are too indolent to think for themselves. One page of the writings of the former would, in the hands of the latter, spread over a score and yet not be tasteless, although so diluted. It is plainly evident that these are not the books for the million. They require thought, patient thought; but the multitude will not think.

In striking contrast with these we may notice those who, flattering themselves that they belong to the class of profitable authors, have filled whole libraries with the productions of their prolific pens. Many of them have no other merit than that of being voluminous. If authors were classed into folio, quarto, octavo, etc.; and did they rank according to the size of their volumes, as in former times a man's title was known by the size of his shoes, they would stand high; but according to the modern standard they rank very low. A folio in this laconic age would never live to see the light. Who now ever reads the *Histriomatrix* of Prynne, or the *Adversaria* of Barthius? No one; and the time is fast approaching when an author will never be read, unless he is an adept in the art of mental stenography.

We notice, thirdly, those who write both to please and to profit. This class will have the greatest influence upon the mass of community. They bear the same relation to the one preceding that the Corinthian does to the Ionian column. The latter would find admirers among the cultivated few, the former among the uncultivated many.

The true design of composition is to convey the best instruction under the most pleasing form—to profit and yet delight. The mind is not only informed by presenting to the imagination images of thought, but if they are lively and appropriate, it is delighted with the moral as the eye with the effect of a painting. Nature

exhibits fruit and foliage together, and so should the author. He should study to blend the useful with the ornamental—to be at the same time attractive and instructive. The Bible, the oldest of all writings, and the best of all books, combines poetry and philosophy—mingles instruction with delight. He who inspired the eloquence and logic of Paul, tuned the harp of David.

Let those, then, who aspire to the craft of authorship, first of all study the Bible. According as they copy after or depart from this model, in an eminent degree will be their success. The immortal epic of Bunyan, and the Cotter's Saturday Night of Burns derived their inspiration from the Bible. Milton was deeply read in the Scriptures, and they form the ground-work of his, and, we might say, of England's masterpiece. Gay, when about to compose, was in the habit of reading the most poetical passages of the Bible. Shakspeare drank deeply at this fountain of inspiration, and, in fact, the prime agent which gave the Elizabethan period of English literature so distinguished a pre-eminence in the world of letters, was the translation of the Bible.

After becoming thoroughly imbued with the style and spirit of the sacred writings, the author should feel deeply impressed with his fearful responsibility. "*Scribere est agere*"—to write is to act. If the pen does not clothe thought with omnipotence, it invests it with a kind of omnipresence and renders it immortal. It gives it a ubiquity both in time and space. The works of genius will live, and their leafy tongues will speak when the hand that penned them has moldered into dust and ashes, while thousands yet unborn will bless or curse them as the instruments of their weal or woe world without end. They will set in motion waves of influence that will roll on till they dash upon the shores of eternity.

Of the responsibility of authors the Russians have given us a very striking, though rather a ludicrous illustration. On a plate, in which part of hell is represented, are two kettles. In one of them there is a robber, in the other a bad writer. Under the kettle of the latter the devil is busily engaged in making a large fire, while the bandit seems to be enjoying only a comfortable degree of warmth. The author, who has raised the lid of his kettle, complains to the devil that he torments him more than the robber; but the devil thumps him on the head and says, "Thou wert worse than he; for his sins and misdeeds died with him, but thine continue to live for ages."

Last of all; if the author does not wish to be a mere literary fungus he must make frequent use of the *limas laborem*. Like a good artist, he should spend much time in retouching and polishing his compositions; and although his emendations may seem to be of a trifling character, yet as Michael Angelo once said to a friend, "Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." Virgil did not consider his *Æneid* perfect after laboring upon it for eleven years, and Diodorus Siculus devoted thirty years to the composition of his history. Says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "*In æternitatem pingo*"—I paint for eternity—and let this be the motto of every author—"I write for eternity."

THE STORM ON THE PRAIRIE.

IT was night. The bleak winds blew across the prairie, howling and shrieking with a rage almost terrific. A storm of snow and hail was at its utmost height.

The rich man sat in his stately mansion before his cheerful fire, surrounded by his happy family, enjoying the bliss of domestic comfort. What cared he for the storm without, when all was good cheer within! He rather enjoyed the wild raging of the tempest; and as he thought of his well-filled barns and comfortably sheltered cattle, he rose, and, with a smile of entire satisfaction with himself, went to his amply stored library, and taking from it one of the "poets," read aloud "*The Winter Evening*."

Mark the contrast. Two weary travelers were crossing the "prairie." They were well prepared, they thought, to meet the keenest blast; but they were strangers to the "prairie winds," and knew not what they had to contend with.

One of them rode on in sullen silence, but the other, a Frenchman from Texas, who had never, in his coldest dreams, imagined that such intensity existed under the sun, at first raved and swore, then, as the icicles attached themselves to his mustache and stiffened his lips, he cried, "*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*" and was at last compelled to content himself with a few smothered groans.

A poor widow sat in her lone hut in the edge of the prairie. For her that had been a sad day. Early in the morning little Willie, her only child, came into the hut bringing with him his little pet chicken, which had perished the night before. After awhile he came again, "Mother, my little dog is dead." Tears rolled down the cheeks of the child, but his mother kissed them away. In

the evening he came to her again, telling her his calf was dead; and a little later, when she went to look after her cow, she found her just expiring.

All had perished from cold and starvation, and the widow felt that she, too, must sink under this heavy burden of care. All was gone. She had only a crust for her supper, and the pitiless storm raged so fiercely she could not attempt to seek for aid. But she thought of her boy—that was sufficient to rouse her, and with a cry of thankfulness she ran into her hut, clasped him to her heart and exclaimed, "O God, I thank thee thou hast spared my boy! That child was 'the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.'" The meaning of those words can be felt but not imagined.

They had swallowed their last morsel. Morning would find the widow without a crust for her darling. She knew no means by which to procure food, but God knew. How beautiful was that faith! With a countenance irradiated with the light of faith, hope, and thankfulness, she undressed her sleeping boy and laid him in their comfortless bed; then throwing on half her fagots a warm fire was soon blazing in the hearth. She then took from a shelf a small Bible. This was to her a priceless treasure, not only because of the great truths contained therein, but it was the gift of her husband. She opened it and took from between its leaves a lock of jet black hair. It was her husband's. Memory was busy now. She thought of happy days gone to return no more, and she wept. Again she composed herself, and by the light of the fire read in the "holy book" much concerning the mysterious providence of God, and with a cheerful smile she closed the book, feeling that in the sight of Omnipotence she was indeed of more value than "many sparrows."

The tempest was at its height. Her door flew open and the piercing winds seemed to cut through her threadbare garments. O how she shivered as she went to close the door! There was enough of the fagots left to make a fire in the morning—only enough. But, singular caprice! she gathered them all up and threw them on the burning coals. Singular caprice, indeed! That caprice was her salvation. The fire blazed, and as it sent relief to her stiffened limbs it cheered her aching heart, and sent streams of light, like heavenly messengers, through the large crevices in the walls of her hut out into the prairie. Our two weary travelers saw that light, and hastened to reach the hut lest they should perish in the storm. The widow, astonished,

opened the door to let them in. God of mercy, one was her brother! She had trusted in Heaven and she was saved.

LITTLE CHILDREN, O I LOVE THEM!

BY ALEXANDER CLARK.

"For of such is the kingdom of God."—MARK x, 14.

LITTLE children, O I love them!—
Love their happy, winning smile;
Father's arms around, above them,
Gently guard them here the while:

O thou Father,

Thou wouldst rather

Safely guard them here the while!

Little children, flowers from heaven,
Strewn on earth by God's own hand;
Earnest emblems to us given,
From the fields of angel-land;

Life adorning,

Germes of morning,

From the fields of angel-land!

Little children, watchful spirits,
Sent to guide our footsteps here,
While to learn them they invite us,
They to us are doubly dear.

Us they cherish,

Them we nourish—

They to us are doubly dear!

Little children, let us heed them,
While their hearts rebound with bliss;
For a hand unseen doth lead them
To a better world than this;

They are going,

Young and glowing,

To a better world than this.

Little children, hear their voices,
Tuned to strains of love and light;
Their glad music soothes, rejoices
Manly bosoms with delight.

Joy is filling—

Gladness thrilling

Manly bosoms with delight.

Little children, blessed creatures,
Kindly sent with us to stay;
Let us ever kindly treat them—
Childhood's hours soon flee away.

Yes, we feel it,

Years reveal it—

Childhood's hours soon flee away.

Little children, O I love them!—
Love their happy, winning smile;
Father's arms around, above them,
Safely guard them here from guile;

Then, O Father!

Wouldst not rather

Let them tarry here the while?

A HALF HOUR AMONG THE EPIGRAMMATISTS.

BY JAMES FRISWELL.

SECOND PAPER.

THERE is such an easy, playful exercise of wit in the epigram; such sparkle, glitter, and surprise in it, if successful, that the employment of these trifles, to amuse their friends, by very sober divines, must not be wondered at. Bearing this in mind, we shall not be surprised at that right reverend prelate Bishop Atterbury, making an epigram upon a lady's fan; though we may be glad to hear that the fan belonged "to Miss Osborne, afterward his wife." Atterbury was the friend of Pope and Swift, and seems to have caught some of their grace and wit in turning this epigram, the conclusion of which we shall only quote. The fan, he declares,

"Directs its wanton motions so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
To every other breast a flame."

We appeal to the reader if this be not very neat for a bishop? But another Churchman certainly excels him in wit, if not in compliments—we allude to Dr. Edward Young; a poet whose genius was of so full and pregnant a nature in wit, that in regard to that quality but one name in our whole gallery of poets can come near it, and that name is Butler.

Dr. Young, before he took orders, danced about the court, and no doubt expected an appointment. But he was a moral, a good, and an earnest man; and every now and then this earnestness showed itself in the midst of a very lax, low Church age. Being at a party of literary men he meets with M. de Voltaire, then just arrived in England to mix with the wits, and to show how clever he was. In Young's presence Voltaire ridicules Milton's sublime image of Death and Sin, whereupon the Englishman pencils the following.

TO VOLTAIRE.

"Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
At once we think thee *Milton, Death, and Sin*."

The death and sin, as regards leanness and profligacy, come in very well; but the idea of any one mistaking Milton for Voltaire is preposterous even as a compliment.

Courtship brightens any one's wits. Young wishes to marry, and pays court to a noble lady whom he afterward marries, wedding "discord in a noble wife." But at the time of courtship this discord is concord, and the grave poet, playing at bowls with his lady love in the garden at Welwyn is called away by a servant. With a

backward glance he departs, sees the visitor, and returns with the following:

"Thus Adam goes, when from the garden driven,
And thus disputed orders sent by Heaven.
Hard was his fate, but mine's still more unkind;
If Eve went with him, *mine* remained behind."

In the same garden at Welwyn was afterward erected a statue to Sleep, under which the Doctor, then a married man and wishing for rest, inscribed one of the most beautiful epigrams in any language. It is in Latin; we give the original, and also add a translation for such ladies as have not matriculated at the "Ladies' College."

AD SOMNUM.

"Somne levis quamquam cutissimæ mortis
Consortem cupio, te tamen esse tori imago,
Alma quies, optata veni, nam sic sine vitæ
Vivere quam suave est, sic sine morte mori."

"Light sleep, though death's cold image, prythee give
Thy fellowship while in my couch I lie;
O! gentle wished-for rest, how sweet to *live*
Thus without *life*, and without *death* to die!"

The grace of the Latin, the sweetness of its numbers, has escaped us; the point alone is preserved. To quote the whole of Young's epigrams would be to quote the whole of his works: the "Night Thoughts" alone furnishing more epigrammatic turns than any book in the language. We will, therefore, pass on to another Churchman, the Rev. Samuel Wesley, a Lincolnshire rector, and father of the celebrated John of that name. He was but an indifferent poet; but the editor of his works, with a sort of wild justice, commits an epigram himself when he declares "that the virtues of his sons, John and Charles, will atone for his poetical crimes." The following is pointed, but, like Young's, depends for its point upon a Scriptural simile. It is also faulty in that eighteenth century diction which abounds in "wretches," "creatures," "souls," etc.

ON BUTLER'S MONUMENT.

"While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give.
See him, when starved to death and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust.
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown—
He asked for *bread*, and he received a *stone*."

We must not linger upon the epigrammatists of unknown names and of fugitive poetry books. Those thick old volumes which Tonsen indulged in, those miscellanies of verse by "gentlemen of quality and other eminent hands," abound in them. Some are good, some are very bad indeed; we therefore follow our subject to fresh fields and pastures new in the pages of two illustrious men, Pope and Swift.

The first was an epigram in himself, and a devoted admirer of them in verse, presuming that

verse was epigrammatic. But even his direct epigrams are by no means contemptible, and they have a turn which belongs to them alone. Who does not know that peculiarly insolent one on the collar of a dog presented to his royal highness?

"I am his highness's dog at Kew;

Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?"

This, however, seems to be but borrowed; for in Sir William Temple's heads for an essay on conversation, I find the following: "Mr. Grantham's fool's reply to a gentleman who asked whose fool he was? 'I am Mr. Grantham's fool: pray, whose fool are you?'"

That "upon one who wrote long epitaphs," is true of most performances of that funeral kind; when we recollect that the gentleman addressed was Dr. Robert Friend, the pun on the name gives piquancy to the verse:

"Friend, for your epitaphs I'm grieved,

Where still so much is said;

One half will never be believed,

The other never read."

These are all we shall quote of Pope, the most polished, the most musical and silvery of our deca-syllabic verse-writers; his name not only recalls the host of brilliant wits with whom he was associated, but also that of one of the most courageous, bold, witty, and unwomanly women whom we meet with in literature; and when we have said that, we have said a great deal.

Dr. Swift, for whom Mr. Thackeray has such an intense hatred, and we so great a respect, taking, in fact, a very different theory upon the dean's behavior and madness, to that which the greatest novelist of the present day holds, wrote perhaps more epigrams than any literary man of his age or of ours. Like most deep and earnest men, he was at the same time a trifler. It may seem a paradox, but it is true; the dean, as others have done, felt the truth of Horace's maxim, *dulce est desipere ire loco*, and, following, invented curious ways of passing the time. He wrote a kind of Dog-latin, which was, when read quickly, nothing but English; he wrote an essay upon punning; advice to servants and characters of the nobility whom he knew. I wish some of those who pride themselves on their birth, would ponder upon the characters which the dean has given to their ancestors. I am traveling out of the way of the epigram in this, but really it is worth the while. It does not show Swift to have been a very good-natured man; but, as some even of his personal enemies are praised, and that judiciously, by the dean, we may rely upon the general truth, that is, from Swift's view of the case;

he was besides, too proud a man to tell a lie. The remarks I allude to are those upon the "Characters of the Court of Queen Anne," written by a Mr. Davis. Swift appends his epigrammatic remarks to the glowing descriptions of Davis. Thus, when Davis calls the Duke of Marlborough "a tall, handsome man, for his age, with a very obliging address, of clear and sound judgment," etc., Swift writes in the margin, "Detestably covetous," a character we now know to be true. "The Duke of Ormond has," says Davis, "all the qualities of a great man, except that [those] of a statesman," to which Swift assents; but the Duke of Somerset "has hardly common sense;" the Earl of Nottingham is "an endless talker;" the Duke of Bolton is "a great booby;" Earl Rivers is "an arrant knave in common dealings;" the Earl of Portland, "as great a dunce as I ever knew;" the Earl of Derby, alas! for Stanley, "as arrant a scoundrel as his brother." Then comes a good nobleman, the Earl of Thanet—he is "of great piety and virtue;" but, alas! the Earl of Sandwich is "a puppy;" Earl Ranelagh, "the vainest old fool I ever saw;" Lord Lucas, "a good, plain humdrum;" the Earl of Chesterfield, "the greatest knave in England;" the Earl of Berkeley, "intolerably lazy, and somewhat covetous;" Lord Guilford, is "a very silly fellow;" and Lord Wharton, "*the most universal villain I ever knew.*" Now, we submit that, historically, these characters are true; and also we beg to infer from it, that the gentlemen of England, descended from these, have nothing to be proud of, although their ancestors' portraits are painted by Lely and Jervis, and their names are mentioned by Burke. In short, they come in the category of those—

"—— whose ancient but ignoble blood

Has crept through fools and villains since the Flood."

And, alas! for that silly pride, the pride of birth; is not this, since no human being is perfect, also true of our own?

Swift's epigrams are, it may be supposed from the foregoing, exceedingly plain-spoken; two of them upon windows—diamond-pointed pencils were then common; and Mr. Pope turned a pretty compliment with one of them, both curious and good. Of course, the window written on was that of an inn, some of the glass of which would, with such an autograph, fetch a good price in the market of curiosities.

ON AN INN WINDOW.

"The glass, by lover's nonsense blurr'd,

Dims and obscures our sight;

So, when our passions love hath stirr'd,

It darkens Reason's light."

The doctor always had something to say against love. The second preserves a hit against another mistress, whom he hated—the Church:

AT AN INN AT CHESTER.

"The church and clergy here, no doubt,
Are very much akin;
Both weather-beaten are without,
And empty both within."

The couplet below satirizes the musical feuds between Handel and Bononcini, and does not say much for the dean's love of music, however greatly it may enhance his wit:

ON A MUSICAL DISPUTE.

"Strange! all this difference should be,
"Twixt Tweedle-DUM and Tweedle-DEE."

In the following batch, some of our readers will find old friends. They are, indeed, the most pointed which we have.

"You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, *there's no body at home.*"

FROM THE FRENCH.

"Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool;
But you, yourself, may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet."

ON A CHILD'S DEATH.

"My friend complains that God has given
To his poor babe a life so short.
Consider, Peter! he's in heaven;
'Tis good to have a friend at court."

I heard Mr. Thackeray in his admirable lecture attest that Swift had never spoken well of a child; nay, nor had mentioned one, except to say, "that it squalled." I hope he will consider this an exception. The thought, which seems abrupt in four lines, is a very solemn and touching one, and has been expended by worse rhyme-sters than Swift into twenty or thirty verses; and so adieu to the "dean," as pre-eminently *the* dean, as well as Wellington was *the* duke. We have omitted many, very many, of his epigrams, some of them searching, bitter, and cutting sharply as a razor; especially that one, upon Whitshed's motto on his coach. Let us believe this: it were good for us to have a Swift alive now, to lash the stupidity and the vices of pretenders to talent, to government, and to *places*.

Dr. Abel Evans, whose name fills a conspicuous place in a wretched Oxford hexameter and pentameter,

"Alma novem genuis celebres Rhedycina poetas
Bubb, Stubb, Cobb, Crabb, Trapp, Young, Carey, Tickel,
Evans,"

wrote some curious trifles. His smart versicles on Sir John Vanburgh, the architect, are worthy of quotation:

"Lie heavy on him, earth; for he
Laid many heavy loads on thee."

And so also is the couplet on that enormous fat fellow, Dr. Tadloe, whose name has only been preserved from his bulk:

"When Tadloe walks the streets, the paivors cry,
'God bless you, sir,' and lay their rammers by."

Dr. Johnson, sitting at a party at Mrs. Thrale's, mentions a certain "Molly Aston;" she was "a beauty, a scholar, a wit, and a whig, and she talked all in the praise of liberty; so I made this epigram upon her:

"Liber ut esse veline, suasisti, pulchra Maria;
Ut maneam liber, pulchra Maria, vale!"

"She was the loveliest creature," says the Doctor, with enthusiasm, "that I ever saw." "Will it do this way in English?" said Mrs. Thrale, repeating her translation:

"Persuasions to freedom fall oddly from you;
If freedom we seek, fair Maria, adieu!"

"It will do well enough," replies Johnson: "but it is translated by a lady, and the ladies never liked Molly Aston."

But the present writer, not thinking the version close enough, although it may do "well enough," begs to retranslate it:

TO A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY WHO SPOKE IN PRAISE OF LIBERTY.

"Freedom you teach; so, burning to be free,
Adieu, lest I should be enslaved by thee."

We shall next quote Doctor Doddridge, with, according to Johnson, the finest epigram in the language; it is a happy little sermon in verse, on a very unchristian motto which had descended to him from his ancestry:

DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS.

"Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasure of the present day.
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord! in my life let both united be!
I live in pleasure, while I live to thee."

Let us turn now to Lord Chesterfield:

ON SEEING A WHOLE LENGTH OF BEAU NASH BETWEEN THE BUSTS OF NEWTON AND POPE, IN THE ROOMS AT BATH.

"Immortal Newton never spoke
More truth than here you'll find;
Nor Pope himself e'er penn'd a joke
More cruel on mankind.

The picture plac'd the busts between,
Gives satire all its thought:
Wisdom and wit but little seen;
But folly at full length."

Goldsmith has left one very beautiful specimen

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH STRUCK BLIND BY LIGHTNING.

"Sure 'twas by Providence designed,
Rather in pity than in hate,
That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate."

The following is from the Persian, translated by Sir William Jones:

TO A FRIEND ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

"On parent knees, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou satst, while all around thee smiled;
So live that, sinking in death's last long sleep,
Calm thou mayst smile, while all around thee weep."

Pye—the Laureat—Mason—author of *Caractacus*—Wolcot—Peter Pindar—Aikin, and Mrs. Robinson, have all left epigrams.

Let us now hasten toward the close of a gossiping article, by culling some of the unknown—one, on

THE OPERA.

"An opera, like a pillory, may be said,
To nail our ears down, and expose our head."

Another,

ON A FALE LADY WITH A RED-NOSED HUSBAND.

"Whence comes it that, in Clara's face,
The lily only has its place?
Is it because the absent rose
Has gone to paint her husband's nose?"

A very pompous, overdrawn compliment is that upon Pope's translation of Homer:

"So much, dear Pope, thy English Homer charms,
As pity melts us, or as passion warms,
That after ages will with wonder seek
Who 'twas translated Homer into Greek."

Curious also in 's repetition, is this one:

ON THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF KILDARE.

"Who *kill'd Kildare?* who *dar'd Kildare to kill?*"

DEATH ANSWERS:

"*I kill'd Kildare, and dare kill whom I will.*"

And rich in its satire is the one on that head of a College at Oxford, who starved his horses. The doctor had set an undergraduate the task of making verses on the theme, *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. And these, so the story goes, were the result:

"Averse to pampered and high-mettled steeds,
His own upon chopt straw Avaro feeds;
Bred in his stable, in his paddock born,
What vast ideas they must have of corn!"

Good, also, is that repartee,

TO A BOASTER OF HIS ANCESTOR'S EXPLOITS.

"Still storming cities! burning ships in harbor!
I wish your grandfather had been a barber."

In the days of the Regency, among the galaxy of wits, the effulgence of whose fame lightens even the present day, we find, of course, plenty of epigrammatists. There was Wolcot—Peter Pindar—who, after satirizing "great George our King," extended his favors, when he himself was an old man, to his successors. There were the writers in "The Oxford Sausage," that eccentric but witty magazine; there were Mr. Canning and Mr. Frere, the editors of "The Microcosm;" there were Hunt, Lamb, Moore, and Byron, the

last of whom, as being for the most part illustrative of his feelings, we shall quote. The first was addressed to his wife a few months before their separation:

"There is a mystic thread of life,
So dearly wreathed with mine alone,
That destiny's relentless knife
At once must sever both or none."

The next tells a very different story:

LORD BYRON TO HIS LADY,

On the Sixth Anniversary of their Marriage.

"How strangely time his course has run,
Since first I paired with you;
Six years ago we made but one,
Now five have made us two."

Neither of these, however, is a very excellent specimen of the art. The last we shall quote is in the best style of the serious epigram. It is printed in the French edition of Lord Byron's works—Paris, 1826, page 716—but has been attributed to Scott. Nor have we now the proper books near us to verify the authorship. With us they bear the title of

LINES FOUND IN LORD BYRON'S BIBLE.

"Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries.
O! happiest they of human race,
To whom our God has given grace
To hear, to read, to fear, to pray,
To lift the latch and force the way;
But better they had ne'er been born
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn."

The idea of a French invasion in 1803, called forth a host of broadsides in verse, and caricatures, and loyal and patriotic epigrams. The divine *afflatus* was not wanting in the songs, as those who, like us, have seen the original broadside of Campbell's "Mariners of England," can witness; nor was point wanting in the epigrams; but they are too much adapted to the times to quote, and for this reason also we omit many upon the fashions, the dandies, and the dandizettes of the Regency. In fact, we have come to the limits of an article like our own, and should we continue any longer might tire our readers. For this reason, also, we forbear to quote any theatrical epigrams, which abound in all sorts of magazines of the days of Garrick, or of Kemble, Siddons, and Kean.

In our own days, Punch and other satirical publications have been the outlet for epigrammatic writers, and some of these productions have been of the most brilliant and forcible kind. But a feeling has gradually arisen that the versified epigram is old-fashioned, and therefore the prose style is now more indulged in than before. In this, especially in his comedies, Douglas Jerrold is unrivaled, and one of the most beautiful

in the language by this author is to be found in "The Hermit of Bellyfulle," the finest and most philosophic of this writer's works; a writer, by the way, whose wit is too fine ever to reach extreme popularity. The Hermit is preaching patience. "Do you know," said he, "what patience did?" "Patience *wanted* a nightingale, patience waited—and the egg sang!" The ellipsis is there perfect; the space between the small egg and the singing-bird charming; the silence of the listening night is something of the sublime.

But from even an essay short as our own, upon this subject, one should not omit the name of that poet, dear to all lovers of humor as of poetry, Thomas Hood. We have but space for one of his productions; but that is a good one; neither has it a melancholy cadence. Our sparkles shall not be touched with a lurid light; let therefore even the German tourist, who, accompanying Prince Albert from "Vaterland," made this mistake, laugh at the

EPIGRAM.

"Charmed with the drink which Highlanders compose,
A German traveler exclaimed with glee,
Potzausend! sure, if this be Athol Brose,
How good de Athol Boetey must be!"

We have seen that these small darts of wit can be serious or jocose, inimical or friendly; that they can give us a hint upon love, upon war, or even upon religion. Connected with this we shall find, that even in the small space of an epigram we have perhaps the best definition of the most sublime idea which ever entered the brain of man—need we say,

ETERNITY!

"Reason does but one quaint solution lend
To Nature's deepest yet divinest riddle;
Time is but a *beginning* and an *end*,
Eternity is nothing but a *middle*."

This is from the pen of the author of "Alethea;" verily, after reading it, let us hope that the general reader will say, that, even from our imperfect sketch, "there is much in an epigram."

So ends our half hour.

PRIDE.

THEOPHRASTUS, an ancient Greek writer, says that the proud man regards the whole human race with contempt, himself excepted. If he has rendered a service to any man, he will remind him of it as he meets him in the street, and in a loud voice goad him with the obligation. He is never the first to accost any man; he returns the salute of no one in the public way.

KIND WORDS.

BY MAHALA.

"A word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Can heal a heart that's broken,
And make a friend sincere."

KIND words! What are they? They are a healing balm to the wounded heart, when the soul is overwhelmed with sorrow; and when hope's brightest prospects are withered, they are a fertile spot in life's desert. When the heart is burdened with the ills of life how soon a few kind words will diminish that burden! They are more valuable to the friendless and the afflicted, and by them are more highly prized than the most costly gem that ever decked a monarch's crown.

Kind words to the erring! for they will make a deeper impression and exert a greater influence toward winning them back to the path of virtue and truth than all the harsh words ever uttered.

Kind words to the angry! for "a soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

Kind words to the aged! for they have endured enough of life's ills; they will sink past scenes into the soft, peaceful lap of forgetfulness.

Kind words to children! for they will cause a smile so full of joy and gratitude that it will lighten their face like a sunbeam.

Kind words to all! for they cost nothing but what they will bountifully repay; for they are like a spring of water on a hill-side, spreading beauty around; nourishing the beautiful flowers of friendship and love; causing them to grow and expand their foliage; imparting their fragrance to all around till transplanted to a heavenly clime, where they will bloom in perpetual vigor and unfading beauty forever.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him, by gentle means, to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is sulky, charm him out of it by encouraging frank good humor. If he is indolent, accustom him to exertion, and train him so as to perform even onerous duties with alacrity. If pride comes in to make obedience reluctant, subdue him, either by counsel or discipline. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sins.

THE HOME OF MY YOUTH.

BY MORES BROOKS, ESQ.

Written on visiting my native land after an absence of more than thirty years.

HARK of my youth! that silent long hath hung
On the lone willow, with neglected string,
Where the green mistletoe around thee clung,
And hushed the notes that thou wast wont to sing,

Awake once more! as when in boyhood's spring
I first essayed, with trembling hand, to sweep
Thy yielding chords, and soar on Fancy's wing
Through realms of thought, or delve th' unfath-
omed deep

To coral caves below, where sea-nymphs vigils keep.

But these were days that like a dream have fled,
And only left the memory that they were;
While busy Time hath silvered o'er my head,
And shorn the raven locks that clustered there.

Land of my birth! where first the vital air
Kindled the spark of being in my breast,
Though absent long, I can no more forbear
A swift obedience to the high behest

That prompts to visit thee before I sink to rest.

My native home! to me 'tis holy ground,
Where oft beside my mother's knee I've knelt,
At morn and eve, with reverence profound,
While heavenly influence would my bosom melt.
And yonder, too, is where the dear one dwelt,
Who kindled fond emotions in my breast,
Which none can fancy who have never felt,
None comprehend who have not been possessed
Of such transcendent charms as hers that made me
blessed.

How evanescent are our blissful dreams!
For soon, alas! she faded from my sight;
As when the setting sun's last, lingering beams
Reflect their splendor on the brow of Night,
So did her kindling graces shine more bright
As health declined, and beauty passed away,
While my fond bosom felt the withering blight,
Doomed to behold her wasting day by day,
Till Death his trophy claimed and quenched life's
trembling ray.

Here, too, I mark the slowly moldering power
Of Time's omnipotent, unceasing sway,
Wasting at noonday and the midnight hour,
Whate'er he touches in his onward way;
How sad the theme for this my humble lay,
Perchance the last that I shall e'er indite,
To brood upon the emblems of decay,
Where every scene was lovely once and bright,
Filling my youthful heart with exquisite delight!

But, Susquehanna! thou art gliding now
As when I left thee thrice ten years ago;
Time has not written on thy placid brow
His autograph, nor bid thee cease to flow;
Thy youth fades not away like the brief glow
On beauty's cheek, but thou wilt onward sweep,
Nor pause, until the last loud trumpet blow,

Bearing thy treasures to the mighty deep,
Till earth shall cease to roll and thy proud billows
sleep.

The day has dawned which to the prophet shone,
When knowledge is diffused from pole to pole.
Now Science, standing on her starry throne,
Withdraws the veil of darkness from the soul,
And beckons nations to their destined goal;
And thou, my native region, with delight,
Hast seen her hope inspiring hand unroll
The future's dawning glories to thy sight;
And o'er thy hills and valleys streams her radiant
light.

Thy hills are leveled for the thundering car,
Thy valleys raised that it may onward fly;
And hark! the iron-hoofed courser from afar
Neighs in wild triumph his loud signal cry,
While mountains tremble as he rushes by.
Lo! now he comes, with flaming fuel fed,
Swift as the blazing comet of the sky.
Dark curling wreaths of smoke upon his head,
Hot vapor in his mouth, and terror in his tread.

Yes! knowledge has increased; and now we see
The lightning, leaping from its native cloud,
Submissive yield to man's supremacy,
And at his bidding all its terrors shroud.
To Science now its haughty crest has bowed;
And lo! the angry tyrant of the sky
Stoops on his flashing pinions, late so proud,
And lays awhile his bellowing thunders by,
Along the noiseless wire man's messenger to fly.

But stay, my muse! nor with vain ardors burn
To follow Science in her radiant way;
Nor even pause where many a moldering urn,
In which the ashes of my kindred lay,
So strongly plead from me a longer stay.
Farewell, Owego! now a long farewell;
Thy pleasing charms I leave perhaps for aye;
But in old age and distant lands I'll dwell
Upon the beauteous scenes my childhood loved so
well.

SONNET TO WASHINGTON.

BY G. M. KELLOGG, M. D.

GREAT Washington! his calm and god-like eye—
The mirror of a mighty soul—could show,
Like some deep, placid sea, the whole broad sky,
Serenely read for struggling man below.
The noblest son of earth he *saw not nigh*;
But like rapt prophet of creation's dawn,
Whose vision-wings adown the ages flew,
As eagles cleave the mountain gorges through,
Until earth's future stood with visor drawn.
'Neath Europe's frozen ribs his name can call
Up pulses strong and deep enough to start
Her craven kings, and rock them to their fall.
He *nothing was* to self—his country's all;
O when a tree roots in a nation's heart,
It spreads to heaven and doth the world inthrall!

THE OLD PRISON—A TRUE TALE.

BY MRS. DONN PIATT.

NEAR Rue Bonaparte, in one of the dark courts made by old buildings of various shapes, but all high and weather-stained, stands an old prison which we had often gazed at with much interest. Every thing about it pertained to a former age. The long, narrow windows, the arched door-ways, and, above all, the round projections at the corners, gave evidence of a time when the place was not only a prison, but often a garrison. Every few years the houses in the neighborhood are scraped, and to a certain extent repaired; but the old prison, like a place accursed, is neglected, and the dark stains of years gather and thicken upon its walls—while on the slates grow in corners the green moss—all giving a somber expression, as if, like a human head, the old house had thoughts and memories which wrote readable characters upon the countenance.

I had an intense desire to walk through and see the interior of this relic—but the sentinel who paced slowly to and fro before the entrance gave me to understand, very clearly, that such excursions were forbidden. One day, however, we made again an attempt—the sentinel shook his stupid head, and we were about turning away, when an officer, who had witnessed the scene, stepped forward, and after a brief talk, politely invited us to enter. The invitation was as surprising as our request, but we followed, and were placed under the supervision of an old woman, the ordinary conductor on such occasions, and were soon staring intensely at the murky interior. We ascended a few steps, traversed a long, narrow, dim hall, from which opened low arched doors, and were shown room upon room, small, dark, and unwholesome, where humanity must have pined slowly, for the building was constructed before Christianity had taught the art of ventilation—to say nothing of the further care and comfort of the unfortunate. As I gazed at the heavy walls, the double-barred windows, the thick oak and well-ironed doors, I wondered at the care taken to keep a few miserable wretches shut out from liberty and sunlight, and asked had any ever escaped? We were in a small apartment lit by a single, narrow window heavily ironed, when I asked this question, more to myself than aloud—when the old woman nodded her head affirmatively, and pointed to a name, deeply engraved in a very rude manner, near the fireplace. After some study, I made out to reach the name of "Philip

Comte de Villeneuve." Another name was evidently engraved below, but so filled up and worn by time we could not make it out. The old concierge seeing my attempt, said briefly, "Louise Bertole." I asked if she knew any thing of the history connected with these two names, but the answer was incomprehensible—something in reference to a book—so I dropped the subject; but as she passed the little room, serving her probably as a bed-chamber, but formerly an office to the prison, she ran in and returned with an old book, a little torn, and a good deal smoked, called the "Prisons of Paris," and, opening, pointed to the page where began the history and incidents connected with the building we had just examined. Of course I purchased this addition to an eccentric library, and was soon deep in the subject of our prison. A portion of this relating to the names I have mentioned is here given, translated well as one can translate not the best French in the world.

Count Philip de Villeneuve was the admirable Crichton of his day—young, handsome, and rich, his accomplishments were without limit, as his courage was beyond question. All concurred—save Cardinal Mazarin, who was jealous, and old General Hubre, who was stupid—in believing that were Philip to turn his attention to some serious pursuit, he would be famous in the world. But the careless youth was given up to pleasure, and did he for a short time devote himself to study or work, it was in quest of some trifle, unworthy the exertion. Philip was liked and admired by the Queen Mother, and of course hated by the Cardinal. It was not a safe or pleasant thing to be hated by the Cardinal. Secretly married to Anne of Austria, the Queen Mother, he had the government under his control, and made all suffer who crossed, or was believed to have crossed his path. Sprung from a low origin, he felt ill at ease in the presence of gentlemen; having struggled slowly into place, he never felt secure, and was forever anticipating trouble. Villeneuve was a gentleman, and admired by the Queen. The Cardinal hated him for the one, and feared him for the other. He was a doomed man, only waiting for an overt act to justify his ruin. It came after awhile.

That the wily statesman had secured his position by secretly marrying Anne of Austria is now admitted as a historical fact. Be that as it may, certain it was that almost at any moment he could claim an audience with her Majesty, and gain admittance to her presence in a manner quite unknown to the great majority of the court. The gardens of the Palais Royale lay between

the apartments of the Cardinal and the residence of the Queen Mother. They were exclusively appropriated to the latter; and one night, when the statesman was returning through them to his rooms, he found to his consternation he had lost or forgotten the key to the secret panel that would admit him to his apartments. Here was a dilemma. He dare not return—he dare not call for assistance. It was a chill evening in December, with the rain descending in thick, penetrating mists, that made way through garments no wise fitted for a night in the open air. The cunning Cardinal was sorely puzzled. He clinched his hands in very vexation. He walked hastily to and fro to warm up his already chilling blood. He turned over and over various suggestions, but none were practical. He must do something or freeze. A high fence of iron railings crossed the gardens where now stands the gallery erected by Louis Philippe, to swell with rents the private coffers of the state—and, seeking the corner farthest from the sentry, the dignitary attempted to climb. By the aid of a small tree and a window-shutter, he gained the top, but, although said to be excellent at climbing, politically speaking, he made a bad business of this; for when he found himself on the points of the railing, it was with so little strength left, that he missed his hold, and, but for his gown catching upon the points, would have tumbled to the ground. As it was, he hung dangling between heaven and earth—without grace, comfort, or dignity. The Cardinal shouted lustily, and the two sentries ran to his assistance—not precisely to his assistance, for they believed him a thief—and one placed himself on guard, while the other ran for aid. The sentinel, to amuse himself, asked numerous impertinent questions, and, to hasten the replies, poked the unfortunate with his musket. In vain the poor man asserted his position—the stupid fellow only laughed the more, and asked his highness “how he found the Queen’s kitchen,” and other questions equally absurd, such as whether he was taking a lesson in hanging, so as to be ready for the halter. The return of the soldiers, with an officer and guard, relieved his excellency from his painful and awkward position.

Of course so startling an adventure could not be suppressed. It was whispered, with much exaggeration, from salon to salon, and last shaped itself into an epigram, which the delicacy of the French language, and yet more the delicacy of my own, will not permit me to translate. It is sufficient to say that it was very pointed—enough so to cause the shrewd Italian to trace it to its

author, the Count Philip de Villeneuve. The sufferer was too wise to make an example avowedly of the author; that would be making bad worse; and Philip was seized on a charge of high treason, and hurried to the Bastille. He took the proceeding with his accustomed grace and gentlemanly indifference. On being conducted to his cell he at first complained of its accommodations—but immediately added that it was quite well enough for his brief stay. “Monsieur le Comte relies upon his influence at court,” said the Governor, who accompanied him to his cell. “By no means,” coldly replied the Count; “I shall escape.” The only answer to this was a smile of derision. But sure enough, the prisoner did escape. It was the simplest thing in the world. He purchased a disguise of a guard-dian from one of the guards, and pretending madness, would throw his books, or stool, or pitcher at the turnkey, when he came in the evening with his dinner. It was a very disagreeable procedure for the keeper to have to jump out of the way of articles flying by so fiercely and irregular—and accordingly the little ceremonies were hurried through briefly as possible. One evening he found the Count asleep, and, not caring to awaken so troublesome a gentleman, he placed the meal upon the table and hastened away. It was not necessary to take any precaution. A great deal of noise would not have disturbed the occupant of the bed. In fact the Count had placed there a very bad imitation of himself, and, standing in the shadow of the door, quietly walked out with the keeper, who of course mistook him for one of the guard. He continued a short time with them—dropped behind and turned into the first passage, and, by the aid of a little money and much self-possession, soon found himself outside of the hated prison.

One would suppose, after this, the Count would have concealed himself, or at least have avoided observation till his friends at court could have secured a pardon. He did no such a thing, but returned to his hotel—donned his best apparel, and, after a hearty dinner, drove to the palace, where the astonished Mazarin found him gayly chattering with his friends, as if nothing had occurred. Mazarin was not of course in the best humor; he attributed this audacity to the interference of the Queen Mother, and his venomous little nature was aroused. That night the Count was re-arrested and returned to the Bastille before the wonder-stricken Governor had discovered the trick that had been played upon him.

The Count was placed in a room considered

the most secure in the prison. It was in one of the towers, and, while almost cut off from the main body of the building, was at such a great height that no communication could be had from without. The Governor said, ironically, "that he hoped the Count would find the apartment sufficiently to his taste to remain in it!" "By no means," was the reply, "I shall escape." This was considered absurd, and so treated. And really the brave gentleman was puzzled. A large number of guards—a great quantity of huge doors were between him and the entrance—and one could not fly—at least the attempt would as likely free one from earth as from prison. Fortunately his friends kept him supplied with money from his estates, and he set about corrupting the guard. But one came near him, a grim old Cerberus, with as much wickedness and cruelty in his one head as that celebrated dog could possibly have in three. The first approaches were slow and painful. The overtures were rejected with threats; but the Count persevered. The enemy yielded slowly. At first he lent only an ear to the proposals—then he received money, and the sums grew larger and were given more frequently, as various evidences appeared of willingness to assist. He secured a file to remove the bars from his window, and lastly a rope by which to descend into the moat below. Once or twice the Count's suspicions were aroused. The man was too ready. He even went so far as to assist in removing the iron bars which crossed the window. But why hesitate—why suspect or quarrel with the only chance of escape? He put aside his suspicions, and carefully hid his rope, waiting patiently for a night sufficiently dark to attempt the dizzy feat. It came at last, a night of storm—the rain was dashed by strong winds against the casement, and the old towers murmured as if holding talk with the genius of the tempest. Nothing daunted, the brave young man pulled away the bars—fastened the rope, and gave himself without hesitation to the perilous descent. The winds blew with a force that made him vibrate to and fro, in a manner greatly to increase the labor of the task. He swung from side to side, striking against the projections of the building with a violence at times almost sufficient to make him lose his firm grasp upon the cord. He persevered, reaching at last with much pain and peril the end of the rope, but, to his astonishment, not the water. His first impulse was to let himself drop, thinking the distance not great; but a second's thought made him hesitate, and well it was that he did. A vivid flash of lightning ex-

hibited the terrible fact that he was swinging half-way between his window and the ground. The treason—the cruel trap was but too evident. To let himself fall would be certain death—and yet he could not continue clinging in the storm to the cord; his remaining strength would soon be exhausted. He determined to return. With desperate efforts he clambered a short distance up the rope, and, holding by his teeth and one hand, with the other he passed the end of the rope around his leg in such a manner as to afford him a support—and loosening his wearied grasp he gathered breath and strength for his new efforts.

As the Count swung, resting upon the narrow cord, the storm swept by, but the wind continued, and the stars twinkled in the blue depths, which the many lights of the vast city seemed reflecting. One little life in that vast multitude—one little existence in the immensity of space—appeared scarcely worth struggling to preserve; yet to the young man, whose brave heart never faltered, the multitude below, and the very stars above, seemed only secondary to himself. The sublime egotism of heroic character nerved him to the contest, and he commenced his painful ascent. Slowly he strove, gaining little by little, till the window ledge was within his grasp—by a terrible and last effort he gained this, drew himself in, and fell exhausted upon his bed. He did not despair; but from the very mouth of a treacherous defeat won his victory. Seizing cloak and hat he threw them from the window, and, in the dim light of coming day, had the satisfaction of seeing them floating in the moat below; he then concealed himself, waiting patiently for the approach of his cruel jailer. He came at last, opened the door, and uttered an exclamation of delight on seeing the bars removed, and the cord yet hanging from the window. He gave but one glance at the cloak and hat swimming below, and hastened away to announce the death of their troublesome prisoner. In his hurry he left unlocked the prison-door, and Philip was quick to follow. In the hall he found a number of tools, left the night before by a workman employed on some repairs. He seized a hammer, followed with a quick, light step, the treacherous keeper, and at the first door he stopped to unlock, felled him to the floor. It was so sudden and fierce that the man fell like a log. Philip seized the keys, unlocked the door, and, after shutting and locking it behind him, fled swiftly along the deserted hall. He encountered many other doors, history tells us, and several domestics; but by his wit and impudence

passed them all, to find himself once more beyond the walls of his hated prison.

One would suppose, now at least after this narrow escape from death, he would make some effort to escape the hands of enemies so unrelenting. By no manner of means—the very night of his escape he appeared as usual at the palace. One can but suspect, after all, while reading from this true history, the Count Philip's pertinacity in courting the vengeance of the Cardinal, that he had, or believed that he had, some influence in the quarter suspected by his powerful enemy. Be that as it may, he was immediately seized upon by the guards under command of "this shade of Richelieu," and the shade set about thinking of some disposition other than the Bastille afforded. The weak imitator of a great man regarded the Bastille as a state prison, subject to the interference, if not under the control of others than himself, and had, on that account, what he called his "petite maison," entirely subject to his tyrannical and somewhat capricious will. To this Count Philip was consigned, with orders to place him in the best-secured apartment, and, under penalty of death, suffer no escape. To the adventurous young man the prospect was not cheering. He found himself in a low, arched chamber, into which the light struggled dimly from a long, narrow window heavily barred. Into this he had been brought blind-folded, traversing many passages—hearing numerous doors open and shut for him, and, being fairly bewildered by the many turns he was forced to make. He seemed, indeed, introduced to his tomb. With a heavy heart he turned from the material obstacles to the human. He turned at first from the glance with horror. His keeper was a woman—a deformed woman. Indeed the responsible guardians of this prison were an old soldier and his daughter. The man, a wreck of former strength eminently developed, had but one arm, and was lame. The daughter, as I said, was deformed. I can not give, as the French author has, a minute description of this ill-looking person. An injury to the spine, when young, had destroyed all symmetry of figure, and nothing but the head remained to testify to the beauty so cruelly destroyed. Could that head have been separated from its fearful support, it would have appeared the head of a Madonna. But placed as it was, it seemed to add to the deformity. The great quantity of silken black hair fell over a complexion of startling purity—and large lustrous eyes lit up a face, so exquisitely regular, so delicate, so expressive, that a sculptor might give a life

of ideal effort for this—our reality. But, alas! this head of an angel was chained down to the body of a fiend, was indeed its exponent, and exhibited but expressions angry, impatient, or painful. The heart born to be full of sympathies—kind as the spring, generous as the day—had been locked up in its loathsome prison-house; and like a plant shut out from light, wilted into a living death. But I write in advance of my story. Day after day went by, and Philip's active intellect found no means of escape. No one approached him save this woman, with the domestics; and she stood silent, with keys in hand, while he ate his meals, and they arranged his cell. This ended, she followed them out, giving one or two searching glances to the interior as she went. He was, indeed, well guarded—the only important prisoner, he had the undivided attention of an honest, stout, old soldier, aided by the vigilance of a morbidly sharpened intellect, and stimulated by the hope of reward if successful in keeping the prisoner, and the certainty of death if he failed. Philip's was not a spirit to despair. He said to himself, "Why, this is a woman; I will appeal to her feelings. I will make love to her." The first interview after this resolution made him start back from his own hidden purpose—so hideous in person—so cold and sarcastic in expression. But it was necessary, and he accordingly approached cautiously his victim. So clear a head—so shrewd an intellect would suspect at once the design of approaches too hastily made. There was no reasonable motive to which to appeal—nothing natural to rest upon. I wish I had the space to follow the French author in his history of this affair—in his cold anatomy of the being he had selected to dissect. The poor heart, imprisoned in its fearful tomb, was yet human; the strong, yet unrecognized, unacknowledged longing for human sympathy—that great principle of life that moves and controls all our actions—there had its growth, morbidly perhaps—like a plant deprived of light—yet positive and strong. It is hard to know the fact that one created to love and be loved saw the world shrink away; the very child to start from the offered caress, and no recognition given but of horror and disgust; walked alone in crowds, and could die unlamented. For even the father, rough old soldier as he was, saw only a deformed child where he had hoped for comfort in loveliness, and forgot that although the beauty was gone, feeling remained. The soul thus shunned turned upon the world, and gave harshness for harshness. The winter freezes the surface of the stream, yet

the water runs fresh below; and so Philip found beneath the hard exterior the quick throbbings of loving humanity. "You should not treat me so harshly, but rather let us be friends. We are enough alike. I am buried here for life, and you also. Come, let us make things pleasant." The answer was an impatient one—but, nothing daunted, he continued. As I said, I have not the patience to follow with the French historian, step by step, this strange affair. The many approaches—the many repulses—yet still patient, persevering, ever kind and sad in appeals to a heart that was at last awakened to a sense of its own impulses—to its own power. No great boon suddenly bestowed—no gift of light to the born blind—no draught of water to the famished traveler—no cry of a first-born babe falling upon a mother's ear, ever gave half the delight, the intense enjoyment, as did the first utterings of sympathy and affection to this poor, forlorn, out-cast of humanity. Her hard, harsh nature softened and changed. To her, as if by magic, changed the world—all things grew beautiful—life had an object, the earth a heaven. Such natures will not be trampled or imposed upon. Philip conceived his plans, and made his approaches in intense selfish hypocrisy. He pretended kindness when he felt only disgust—he sought to awaken affection only for the purpose of betraying it. But all this gradually changed when he found himself fascinated by a clear, but subtle intellect, approaching almost genius, and stored with treasures to which his own could make no pretense. The mind, turned upon itself, had not been idle. The books she had devoured—the poetry she had treasured up—the sciences she had mastered, were all spread before him. The dim, ugly, little cell gradually changed to the closet of a student. Philip found himself supplied with books, pen, ink, paper, and a lamp, things denied to him before, and the comforts, even luxuries to which he had been accustomed. These were much, but nothing to the charm—the fascination of the strange being accident had brought him in contact with. And she became less and less repulsive as the attractions of her mind grew upon his likings. Week after week, month after month, passed away, and, lost in study, lost in the interest of other and higher things, Philip forgot his projected escape. New desires, new hopes of purer ambition took possession of his fine nature, and he looked back with astonishment at the idle life of stupid dissipation he had passed. Under the teachings, at least under the influence of the weird creature he had sought to use, his nature was realizing, to

a degree that surprised him, its own strength and high destiny.

What would have been the result of this had it continued as it commenced, we can not say. But a new fact came to change the current of events. Accustomed to an active out-door life, the close, badly ventilated cell began in time to exercise a pernicious influence upon his health. He slowly wore away, losing appetite and spirits. His respiration seemed impeded, and a subtle fever the greater part of the time seemed to be consuming him. All this was seen with intense anguish by Louise. She nursed, encouraged, and prescribed for him, as she would for a child. But it was of no avail. The prison-fever had taken possession of its victim, and was not to be baffled or destroyed. "Ah me!" she said in her soft, low voice to him one night as the lamplight fell upon his sunken cheeks and ghostly eyes—"you will die here, Philip—you are dying;" and her words seemed struggling up through tears; "but no, you shall not perish here—you want air, exercise—pure air."

She hastily left the room, but in a few minutes returned, bidding Philip follow her. He did so, slowly threading the intricate passages, and opening door after door, till at last they stood upon the threshold—the stars glittering above, and the free, cold air came dashing against their faces. Philip was almost giddy with delight—like a very child he almost shouted in the sense of exquisite enjoyment. A second's thought brought the reality to him, and he turned to his guide. "Go," she said, "be free, be happy." "But you?" he asked. "Have no thought of me—or if you do, only as a prison dream, having no existence." "But you will be punished for this—and your father—." The poor girl started, yet said nothing. "No," continued Philip, "to leave in this way will be the act only of a coward—let us return—return to our books—and laugh at the Cardinal, brigand that he is. Let us return and be philosophers. I will tell you how deformed bodies have fair and truthful souls—and deceitful, crooked, cruel souls are hid in beautiful bodies. Let us return and mock them all—we will be happy in spite of Lord Cardinals and forgetful Queens." But the persuasive words had no effect. She had evidently determined upon securing his release, whatever the consequences might be; and after some hesitation Philip, feeling this, and above all, seduced by the exquisite sense of freedom, acting upon a nature made yet more sensitive by ill health, said:

"I must go, but will not desert you. I will

see my friends, find means by which you can be saved, and return to my cell." He stooped, imprinted a kiss upon the forehead of his poor little liberator, and in a second had disappeared. She was alone; and from the silent street she looked up through blinding tears to the stars, as if searching for the happiness so lately fled, and then slowly entered the prison. Many and many a poor wretch had beat out against those dreary walls his miserable existence—but never before had the prison been such a prison as that moment when receiving its keeper.

Philip returned, but not as he had promised. The fever he carried away gathered sufficient strength to prostrate him upon his bed, where, protected and concealed by his friends, many days were lost—a sad loss indeed. The first efforts in returning consciousness was inquiry as to his poor friend, and the information was of such a nature that, regardless of advice and entreaties, he hastened, ill as he was, first to the Queen Mother and then to the old prison. He returned too late—the vengeance of the Cardinal had been swift. I hasten over the fearful scenes so minutely described in the book, in which poor Louise Bertole realized her cruel destiny, and saw not only her own fearful end, but that of her old father. It was a chill dark morning, with the rain falling in thick mists, when Philip staggered from his carriage to see a scaffold in the court-yard, and, on a rude table in the little office, two forms covered by a sheet, the peculiar outline of which but too plainly indicating the dead beneath.

Philip never returned to prison. The interference of high personages in his behalf, and subsequently the death of the Cardinal, restored him to liberty, but never to his former self. All were surprised at the sober, thoughtful man, who, from a reckless courtier, became a student and a philosopher. This is the little romance of the "Old Prison," and let all who visit Paris procure the book, with its rude details, and under the shadow of the frowning witness to their truth, read to the sorrowful end.

A FORGOTTEN THING.

MANY men pass fifty or sixty years in the world, and when they are just going out of it, they bethink themselves and step back, as it were, to do something which they had all this while forgot, namely, the main business for which they came into the world—to repent of their sins, and reform their lives, and make their peace with God, and in time to prepare for eternity.

VOL. XV.—35

LAST WORDS OF THE DYING.

BY M. M. HAM.

A GREAT many feel a natural horror of death. They shrink whenever it is mentioned. The love of life is such a ruling passion with men that the breaking of the silver cord is looked forward to with more dread feeling than any other event which can possibly happen. The mention of the subject causes an almost invincible repugnance. Very few like to speak of it, and still less have an inclination to write about it. Indeed, those authors who have dwelt most upon it have exhibited only the bent of a morbid taste or diseased imagination. So it was with Edgar A. Poe; so with Monk Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe; so it is, in fact, with every writer who has loaded his pages with gloomy pictures of death and the charnel-house.

Now, we hope to be accused of no such proclivities, though, judging from our title, many might honestly suppose that we were going to indulge in some death-bed scenes, where only the terrible yearnings after life are exhibited as dissolution comes on. But such is not the case.

The ideas usually entertained about death are erroneous. We are accustomed to associate the separation of soul and body with horror and dread, as if death were necessarily agonizing and distressing, but this is far from being the case universally. The instances to the contrary are both numerous and striking. How often do we hear or witness the departure of a spirit from its frail tenement with all the calmness of a summer sunset, wholly insensible to pain; indeed, joyously relinquishing its hold upon things of earth! "Death always means us a kindness, though it sometimes has a gruff way of offering it," says Lowell in one of his books.

The last words of the dying come from their innermost nature. They reveal the true workings of the heart, and from them we get the best insight into the real character of the man. This is no time for dissimulation. When one is taking his last adieu of earth and every thing the heart holds dear, nature must and will speak out, often involuntarily. Though hypocrisy and deceit may have blinded the world to the true character of the man, yet here they find no harbor. He speaks what is uppermost and reveals himself as he really is.

"The grave's the pulpit of departed man,
From it he speaks."

While yet alive a man of any prominence whatever is often viewed with envy or prejudice, with fear or hate, and so of course his cotempo-

the water runs fresh below; and so Philip found beneath the hard exterior the quick throbbings of loving humanity. "You should not treat me so harshly, but rather let us be friends. We are enough alike. I am buried here for life, and you also. Come, let us make things pleasant." The answer was an impatient one—but, nothing daunted, he continued. As I said, I have not the patience to follow with the French historian, step by step, this strange affair. The many approaches—the many repulses—yet still patient, persevering, ever kind and sad in appeals to a heart that was at last awakened to a sense of its own impulses—to its own power. No great boon suddenly bestowed—no gift of light to the born blind—no draught of water to the famished traveler—no cry of a first-born babe falling upon a mother's ear, ever gave half the delight, the intense enjoyment, as did the first utterings of sympathy and affection to this poor, forlorn, out-cast of humanity. Her hard, harsh nature softened and changed. To her, as if by magic, changed the world—all things grew beautiful—life had an object, the earth a heaven. Such natures will not be trampled or imposed upon. Philip conceived his plans, and made his approaches in intense selfish hypocrisy. He pretended kindness when he felt only disgust—he sought to awaken affection only for the purpose of betraying it. But all this gradually changed when he found himself fascinated by a clear, but subtle intellect, approaching almost genius, and stored with treasures to which his own could make no pretense. The mind, turned upon itself, had not been idle. The books she had devoured—the poetry she had treasured up—the sciences she had mastered, were all spread before him. The dim, ugly, little cell gradually changed to the closet of a student. Philip found himself supplied with books, pen, ink, paper, and a lamp, things denied to him before, and the comforts, even luxuries to which he had been accustomed. These were much, but nothing to the charm—the fascination of the strange being accident had brought him in contact with. And she became less and less repulsive as the attractions of her mind grew upon his likings. Week after week, month after month, passed away, and, lost in study, lost in the interest of other and higher things, Philip forgot his projected escape. New desires, new hopes of purer ambition took possession of his fine nature, and he looked back with astonishment at the idle life of stupid dissipation he had passed. Under the teachings, at least under the influence of the weird creature he had sought to use, his nature was realizing, to

a degree that surprised him, its own strength and high destiny.

What would have been the result of this had it continued as it commenced, we can not say. But a new fact came to change the current of events. Accustomed to an active out-door life, the close, badly ventilated cell began in time to exercise a pernicious influence upon his health. He slowly wore away, losing appetite and spirits. His respiration seemed impeded, and a subtle fever the greater part of the time seemed to be consuming him. All this was seen with intense anguish by Louise. She nursed, encouraged, and prescribed for him, as she would for a child. But it was of no avail. The prison-fever had taken possession of its victim, and was not to be baffled or destroyed. "Ah me!" she said in her soft, low voice to him one night as the lamplight fell upon his sunken cheeks and ghostly eyes—"you will die here, Philip—you are dying;" and her words seemed struggling up through tears; "but no, you shall not perish here—you want air, exercise—pure air."

She hastily left the room, but in a few minutes returned, bidding Philip follow her. He did so, slowly threading the intricate passages, and opening door after door, till at last they stood upon the threshold—the stars glittering above, and the free, cold air came dashing against their faces. Philip was almost giddy with delight—like a very child he almost shouted in the sense of exquisite enjoyment. A second's thought brought the reality to him, and he turned to his guide. "Go," she said, "be free, be happy." "But you?" he asked. "Have no thought of me—or if you do, only as a prison dream, having no existence." "But you will be punished for this—and your father—." The poor girl started, yet said nothing. "No," continued Philip, "to leave in this way will be the act only of a coward—let us return—return to our books—and laugh at the Cardinal, brigand that he is. Let us return and be philosophers. I will tell you how deformed bodies have fair and truthful souls—and deceitful, crooked, cruel souls are hid in beautiful bodies. Let us return and mock them all—we will be happy in spite of Lord Cardinals and forgetful Queens." But the persuasive words had no effect. She had evidently determined upon securing his release, whatever the consequences might be; and after some hesitation Philip, feeling this, and above all, seduced by the exquisite sense of freedom, acting upon a nature made yet more sensitive by ill health, said:

"I must go, but will not desert you. I will

see my friends, find means by which you can be saved, and return to my cell." He stooped, imprinted a kiss upon the forehead of his poor little liberator, and in a second had disappeared. She was alone; and from the silent street she looked up through blinding tears to the stars, as if searching for the happiness so lately fled, and then slowly entered the prison. Many and many a poor wretch had beat out against those dreary walls his miserable existence—but never before had the prison been such a prison as that moment when receiving its keeper.

Philip returned, but not as he had promised. The fever he carried away gathered sufficient strength to prostrate him upon his bed, where, protected and concealed by his friends, many days were lost—a sad loss indeed. The first efforts in returning consciousness was inquiry as to his poor friend, and the information was of such a nature that, regardless of advice and entreaties, he hastened, ill as he was, first to the Queen Mother and then to the old prison. He returned too late—the vengeance of the Cardinal had been swift. I hasten over the fearful scenes so minutely described in the book, in which poor Louise Bertole realized her cruel destiny, and saw not only her own fearful end, but that of her old father. It was a chill dark morning, with the rain falling in thick mists, when Philip staggered from his carriage to see a scaffold in the court-yard, and, on a rude table in the little office, two forms covered by a sheet, the peculiar outline of which but too plainly indicating the dead beneath.

Philip never returned to prison. The interference of high personages in his behalf, and subsequently the death of the Cardinal, restored him to liberty, but never to his former self. All were surprised at the sober, thoughtful man, who, from a reckless courtier, became a student and a philosopher. This is the little romance of the "Old Prison," and let all who visit Paris procure the book, with its rude details, and under the shadow of the frowning witness to their truth, read to the sorrowful end.

A FORGOTTEN THING.

MANY men pass fifty or sixty years in the world, and when they are just going out of it, they bethink themselves and step back, as it were, to do something which they had all this while forgot, namely, the main business for which they came into the world—to repent of their sins, and reform their lives, and make their peace with God, and in time to prepare for eternity.

VOL. XV.—35

LAST WORDS OF THE DYING.

BY M. M. HAM.

A GREAT many feel a natural horror of death. They shrink whenever it is mentioned. The love of life is such a ruling passion with men that the breaking of the silver cord is looked forward to with more dread feeling than any other event which can possibly happen. The mention of the subject causes an almost invincible repugnance. Very few like to speak of it, and still less have an inclination to write about it. Indeed, those authors who have dwelt most upon it have exhibited only the bent of a morbid taste or diseased imagination. So it was with Edgar A. Poe; so with Monk Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe; so it is, in fact, with every writer who has loaded his pages with gloomy pictures of death and the charnel-house.

Now, we hope to be accused of no such proclivities, though, judging from our title, many might honestly suppose that we were going to indulge in some death-bed scenes, where only the terrible yearnings after life are exhibited as dissolution comes on. But such is not the case.

The ideas usually entertained about death are erroneous. We are accustomed to associate the separation of soul and body with horror and dread, as if death were necessarily agonizing and distressing, but this is far from being the case universally. The instances to the contrary are both numerous and striking. How often do we hear or witness the departure of a spirit from its frail tenement with all the calmness of a summer sunset, wholly insensible to pain; indeed, joyously relinquishing its hold upon things of earth! "Death always means us a kindness, though it sometimes has a gruff way of offering it," says Lowell in one of his books.

The last words of the dying come from their innermost nature. They reveal the true workings of the heart, and from them we get the best insight into the real character of the man. This is no time for dissimulation. When one is taking his last adieu of earth and every thing the heart holds dear, nature must and will speak out, often involuntarily. Though hypocrisy and deceit may have blinded the world to the true character of the man, yet here they find no harbor. He speaks what is uppermost and reveals himself as he really is.

"The grave's the pulpit of departed man,
From it he speaks."

While yet alive a man of any prominence whatever is often viewed with envy or prejudice, with fear or hate, and so of course his coterempo-

aries are not fit judges of his talents or his worth. But as soon as the grave closes over him, men, having nothing to gain or lose, will give him his full meed of praise, and he will pass among them for what he is really worth. So it was with Homer:

"Thirteen cities claimed the Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

So it was with Milton. His books were not noticed at all while he was yet alive, and after he died they were fast sinking into oblivion, when Addison, in the *Spectator*, pointed out their beauties to a new generation. The impressions make upon the world lives after them. Webster's last words seem almost prophetic, for he "still lives," and will so long as the institutions of the country exist on which he made so deep a mark.

The death of Adams and Jefferson has always seemed a strange coincidence. Both had been presidents. These two were the most prominent actors in the Convention that framed the Declaration of Independence, and they both died on the anniversary of its passage just fifty years after. Jefferson, with the usual confidence of his nature, spoke his last words, "I resign my soul to God and my daughter to my country;" while the dying words of Adams were still more characteristic. A few minutes before dying, being roused by the firing of a cannon, and told that his neighbors were rejoicing for the Fourth of July, he exclaimed, "It is a great and glorious day!" and expired with the words, "Independence forever!" on his lips.

Napoleon's last words were "*Tete d'armee*"—an unmistakable evidence of how his thoughts were employed on the eve of his departure. What words could be supposed more in accordance with his warlike career?

The great Lord Clarendon, who occupied so conspicuous a position in English affairs during the reign of James II, dropped his pen from his hand when seized with a palsy which put an end to his existence. In fact, death has come upon very many while they were yet at work. Sir Isaac Newton died in the act of winding up his watch—an emblem of the winding up of his own brilliant career. Seneca, the old Roman moralist, suffered a death that was long and torturing; yet his sufferings, severe as they must have been, could not repress the fortitude and ardor of his nature, for he dictated a discourse to his secretary that was read with avidity after his death.

Addison died in a manner full worthy of his exalted principles and virtuous life, when he

called to his bedside his profligate son-in-law, exclaiming, "Behold, with what tranquillity a Christian can die!" It happened to Hadyn, the great musical composer, as it often has to men of genius, his faculties became impaired before his frame. His old age was that of a drooping, driveling, demented old man. He was living just in the outskirts of Vienna, the city of which he was so proud, when the French army advanced upon it in 1809. They set up a heavy cannonade upon the town from within a short distance of his house. It roused the old man from his dotage; his fears for his city and his sovereign gave him renewed energy. But the excitement was too great, and soon, reaction coming on, his strength visibly diminished. Nevertheless, having been carried to the piano at his request, he sang three times, with a feeble voice, "God preserve the Emperor." But it was the song of the swan. While yet singing he fell into a sort of stupor, and shortly expired.

It will be well remembered that Sir Walter Raleigh was made a martyr to his political opinions, and because he dared to think for himself received the reward which has awaited so many eminent statesmen. He was beheaded. When on the scaffold he requested to see the ax, and, feeling of its edge, said, "This is a sharp medicine, but a sure remedy for all evils." Being asked which way he wished to place himself on the block, he replied, "So the heart is right, it is no matter which way the head lies." A like fate also overtook Anne Boleyn, Henry's unfortunate queen. When on the scaffold, looking at the ax, and then clasping her neck, she exclaimed, "It is but small—very small." When Sir Walter Scott was near his end, he requested his son-in-law Lockhart to read to him; and when asked from what book, he replied, "Need you ask? there is but one." Lockhart then read to him the fourteenth chapter of St. John, "Let not your heart be troubled," etc. There was a deal of withering rebuke in what Caesar said when he saw Brutus among the conspirators who were seeking his life, "*Et tu, Brute!*" And throwing his mantle over his face, he would shut out the faithlessness of friends, as well as prevent their seeing his face during his death agonies.

The last words of Lord Chesterfield exhibited his usual politeness, when a friend having entered his chamber he said to an attendant, "Give Day-roles a chair." Sir Thomas More pleasantly said, when mounting the scaffold, "I pray you see me safe up, and for my coming down I will shift for myself." The last words of Lord Nelson were, "Tell Collingwood to bring the fleet

to an anchor." It is said that Homer died of vexation at not being able to solve a riddle propounded by a simple fisherman, "Leaving what we took, what we took not we bring"—a rather knotty question to be sure, but scarcely worth dying for.

But while there are so many pleasant, calm, and peaceful departures to that bourn from which no traveler returns, like that of Addison to which we have already alluded, there are also many which are made terrible by the bitings of remorse. There is many a story told of mental anguish, distressing fear, and harrowing terror accompanying the hour of dissolution of those whose lives have been spotted with crime. The death-bed of the Countess of Nottingham was one of remorse for her faithless conduct toward the Earl of Essex. It is said that Queen Elizabeth shook her on her dying couch with, "God may forgive you, but I never will." This same Queen, in her turn, suffered all the pangs of an unappeased conscience in her last moments, for she exclaimed, "My kingdom for a moment of time!" How many, like Voltaire, Tom Paine, and so on have vainly regretted the evil they had done—the seed they had sown, and which was to blossom after they had gone!

We best learn to die by attaching ourselves as slightly as possible to human affairs. The less our affections are placed upon these matters, the less will be our regret at leaving them. When Garrick showed Dr. Johnson his fine houses and gardens, instead of his replying with flattery and praise as is usual, he said, "Ah, David, David, these are the things which make a death-bed terrible." And if it were possible to shake off all thought, care, and desire for things of earth, it would seem that death, instead of being feared, would rather be welcomed. The poet Lowell finely expresses this idea: "If the soul lose this poor mansion by sudden conflagration of disease or slow decay of age, is she, therefore, houseless? If she put off this poor soiled garment, which at best is but a poor protection, is there not something laid up for it that will prove a better? The land beyond the grave is often viewed as an enemy's country, but the dying words of the truly eminent convince us that it is rather one of quiet and rest."

THOUGH we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age; then to be a man of business; then to make up an estate; then to arrive at honors; then to retire.—*Addison.*

ALBERT'S NEW CLOTHES.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS MOTHER.

BY ALICE CARY.

"ALL work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is an old and homely saying, but not more homely than true; and I wish the countryman and woman who reads this story would ponder it more wisely than they have heretofore done, for, unless my observation and experience belie the truth, too much is expected of children, more especially of the children of farmers. It is their crowning excellence, so they are taught to believe, to behave like men and women, and be emulous of work—playthings they are told are for babies; and so soon as they can toddle alone, they are shamed out of them, and the hoe and the broomstick take their place.

A good many years ago there lived in our neighborhood a young woman of the name of Rachel Daley—a good, kind-hearted, industrious young person, who had been early thrown out upon the world, and had taken up her portion of labor and poverty with a meek spirit and willing hands.

She was slight and thin, with soft yellow hair, mild blue eyes, and never a rose on her cheek. She was not much given to talk or mirth; perhaps the hard experience of her life had left no room for any thing but simple duty. She never received for her work, poor girl, more than a dollar a week, oftentimes a quarter of a dollar less; for every body said, "you don't need money, Rachel," and "my work is easy," and the like; and sometimes it happened that she was asked to wait a month or two for her wages, which waiting often amounted to a year or two, at the end of which the obliged person would think it very hard to be asked to pay so old a debt, and so Rachel would give half her dues to obtain the other half. A sort of charity sister was she; and when the shadow of affliction rested on any house, there the quiet sunshine of her presence was sure to be found. Were any one in trouble, they told it all to Rachel. She had no sorrows of her own, and could well afford to lighten their burden with her sympathy. The last time I ever saw her she was, with her bundle, crossing the fields toward the loneliest house in all our neighborhood. She did not see me till close upon me, for I was a long distance from the homestead, quietly piling up heaps of fragrant yellow walnuts, to be afterward peeled and dried to make merry with on winter evenings. She was holding her handkerchief to her eyes when I first saw her; but when she came near she said

it was to shade them from the sun. I believed her; for though they looked very red and dim, I could not think she had any thing to cry about. I don't know now that she had; but every heart knoweth its own sorrow, and it is not unlikely that the heart of Rachel had its share. I remember the fashion of the dress she wore that day, and the color of the faded ribbon that trimmed her bonnet, and remember, too, how she stooped as she went along her way; and I thought of how folks said she had not enough of pride and ambition to keep herself up straight. I never thought the bent shoulders might be owing to weakness—poor Rachel!

She was going, as I said, to the loneliest house in all the neighborhood—old Mr. Dedham's, a man who owned a large farm a mile from the main road, a grist-mill, a bag of money, and seven children. I say he owned the children, for he worked them as he did his oxen and horses. Never a holiday saw the Dedham children—never a Fourth of July oration did they hear—never partake of the extra nice dinners of such occasions, nor hear the guns, except from a long way off. Francis Dedham, the oldest of the boys, could not remember when he had flown a kite, if ever; but he knew right well when his father had whipped him till lines of red blisters streaked his back and arms, for bartering with a boy at school to give a dozen goose quills for half as many marbles. He is the miller now, and a sullen, selfish, deceitful man; his naturally hearty and genial disposition was not left a righteous scope, and at home he suppresses his liberality and his mirth to give the freer vent to them abroad. When his father thinks him at work in the mill, he is not unfrequently carousing with boon companions at the tavern miles away.

Mrs. Dedham, who has fine linen enough and to spare, has bargained to give Rachel, for the spinning and weaving, one-third of the piece of cloth she shall make. But there is work before Rachel she never dreams of—work that is done before she is aware.

When the apples or other fruits were ripe, all the nicest were sold, and all the dollars tied in a bag, and hidden safely away. When the harvest was gathered it was the same, and the lean cattle lowed hungrily. All the fat turkeys and hens went to the market, and nothing came from the market but the cold hard dollars. When Francis's cow, as she had been called, brought home her second calf, and was worth forty dollars, Mr. Dedham sold her, and tied the money in the bag with the rest. Afterward Francis's

young yoke of oxen, that he had taken such pains to rear with feeding and care for years, went the same way; then the shining black horse that, when a little colt and almost dead, he had brought back to life and reared so tenderly, one night when he called came not neighing to his hand—he had gone into the bag. No wonder Francis began to think nothing was his, not even his health and strength; for these were being coined into dollars, too. When other young people were merry-making, he was kept at work, poor fellow; and so it came that he said if there were any enjoyment he would find it; and as other mistaken youths have done, he leaped over the middle ground, where pleasure is, to the excesses, where it is not.

And Mr. and Mrs. Dedham repined at providence, and bemoaned their ill-fortune in having so bad a son; he had always had set before him their good example, they could not blame themselves; but his perverse and wicked way was a thorn in their flesh, so they gave him hard words with which to mend his hard fortune; and with no one to strengthen or encourage him, it often happened that he fell flat to the ground, and lay there, sometimes all night and sometimes all day.

One day when the sunshine had warmed him into life after one of these terrible respites from work, Francis found, as he crossed the field toward home, blooming right in a patch of briars, and in spite of the November winds, a flower so sweet and modest that he could not help stopping to gather it. He could not tell why, but it reminded him of Rachel. Carefully he wrapped the delicate stem in some leaves, and carried it to her, saying, "It made me think of you, and I brought it."

"Has it taken you all day and all night," said Mrs. Dedham, sneeringly, "to find that worthless thing? If so, you have been poorly set to work, and Rachel don't thank you."

Rachel said not a word, but she put the flower in her bosom, and it pleased her not a little that so sweet and pretty a thing should have reminded Francis of her. She stopped her wheel often after that to hear if the mill was going; and when at night she could hear no sound, and see no light glimmering through the dusty windows, she was sure to cease singing the song she had lately learned, and the lightest wisp of flax grew heavy in her hands—poor, poor Rachel!

One of those hot days that come sometimes late in the fall was shining. It was not more than the middle of the afternoon, but Rachel had finished a day's work, reeled up her skeins,

and set by her wheel. She had worked late the night past, hoping, perhaps, to see a light in the mill before she should go to bed, and now her limbs dragged so heavily, and her wheel was so hard to turn, it seemed as if she could not go on with the spinning, though it was not often she stopped while the light lasted. There was no light in her heart, I am afraid. Presently she had left the old house, with its must, and mice, and melancholy, and money, and striking into the narrow and deep-worn path that led across the field to the main road, she walked forward very fast, except the times she stopped, and, placing her hand before her eyes, looked as earnestly as though watching the fate of some foundering ship.

When she reached the patch of briars where Francis had found the flower, she seemed to feel a calmer atmosphere, and to hear a voice telling her to go no farther. She stood still, and saw close at her feet, lying on the white scorched grass, his head pillowed on his arm, poor Francis. She made haste to gather leafy bushes, and stick them in the ground about his head, so as to curtain the sunshine away. This done she knelt beside him, and took from his pocket a black bottle, the contents of which she blamed for Francis being there, not himself—poor Rachel! Softly she pushed the fallen hair from his eyes, and for one moment bent her cheek close to his to be sure he was sleeping, and not dead, and then, her heart trembling with pain and fear, and the miserable consciousness of interest in one despised by every body else, she retraced her steps; yet how much lighter they fell along the bare, hard path!

Directly she was spinning again. It was strange, but she felt strong enough to go on with her work now. She had lost the faded flower—that was a grief to her, for every day she had worn it in her bosom till then. The sunset light was shining on her head as she stooped to reel off the last skein of the day's work. In two more days the hard task would be done, and she sighed as she thought of it, half wishing it were all to do over—loving Rachel!

Across the sunshine that was on her head fell a shadow. Francis was crossing the threshold of her room—a glow on his cheek and a happy smile on his lips. In common coarse clothes he was dressed, for he had no other, but they had been just put on; his hair was combed smooth, and in his hand was the withered flower Rachel had lost. "Here," he said, placing it in the Bible, which was open on the table, "if you

value this, you must put it in a safer place than a drunkard's bosom."

"O, Francis," she said, her eyes filling with tears, "it is not true; you are not a drunkard; and I did not give you the flower—how came you by it?"

"Dear Rachel," said Francis, speaking tenderly and earnestly, "if you could be so kind to me when I was brutally insensible to it, will you not now give me your pity and your forgiveness when I can appreciate them? If there had been any body to care for me, if you cared for me now, I think I could forget all my past life, and be a new man."

The sun went down, and by little and little the darkness came and filled the room; but they saw it not—to them it was light enough. O glorifier and beautifier of humanity! what a dreary and work-day world we should have without thee! The heart which has never beat faster for the light of another's smile knows not half how good God is.

Rachel gave to all her years of poverty and toil the sweet interpretation that they were so many scourges to drive her into the felicity of the present hour, compared to which all previous happiness had been like the cold, cheerless glimmer of the frost compared to the full warm sunshine. "Even the degradation into which I was fallen may," said Francis, "have been the means that drew you to me as otherwise you would not have been drawn. O the wonderful wisdom of Providence that brings good out of evil!"

At midwinter they were married—happy Francis, and happy, happy Rachel.

If half the dollars had been taken out of the bag tied so closely and hidden so well, they might have done good now; but the bag was not untied. Mr. and Mrs. Dedham were, in fact, outraged that their son Francis should marry and go to work for himself, leaving them to *live* a miller; and more especially that he should marry a poor girl, for right well they knew Rachel could not have much money if other people had not paid her more than themselves.

One-third of the piece of linen was given to Rachel as had been agreed, and, having fulfilled the contract, they satisfied their consciences, perhaps; at any rate, the young people went away provided scantily enough, except with love.

Something Rachel had saved from the industry and economy of many years, and with this she and Francis began life—hopefully, happily. Their new home was in one of the frontier settlements, and the new house a very poor one—the wind and the rain came through the roof and the

chinks of the wall, and one time in a great storm their straw bed was wet through and through. If it had been summer at the beginning of their new life it might have been better with them, but it was summer only in their hearts.

One of the wild March mornings Rachel sat rocking to and fro before her dim fire alone; now and then she checked her tears, and listened as if for the stroke of the ax in the great wood that threw its shadow over the cabin; then the tears would come thicker and faster, and the sobs break out aloud. Poor Rachel! She knew she could hear no sound from where Francis was gone; it was still there—very still. It was weary working now, and the days were dismal and long; but Rachel planted about the house to make it pretty, just as she knew it would have pleased the eyes of the dead to see her do, the flowers she had brought from home; and the hardest of them were blooming yet when there smiled out among them an immortal flower, brighter than they all. Something of its old sweetness came back to the voice of the young mother, and her cooing to the little one made music in the pauses of the wind.

The good neighbors who came to see her said she must be very careful, for she looked so thin and so white they were afraid, be careful as she would, they would have to lay her by the side of Francis before long. She smiled at their fears, for she had something to live for and to work for now, and she thought she was quite as strong as ever—dear, dying Rachel!

She could see the color of the father's eyes and hair in the little boy long before any one beside she could see it, and his first smiles and sensible motions were to her indications of a wonderful genius.

By the hour, and he understood not one word she said, she would talk to him about his good grandfather and grandmother who lived far away, and how exceedingly beautiful every thing was about their house; for she really believed, as she looked out of her spinning-chamber for the last few days of her working there, that the yellow and fading woods were lovelier a thousand fold than ever the spring woods had been.

In caring for little Albert she forgot that she had any needs of her own to be cared about; and well she might forget them, they were so nearly over.

A farmer stopped one day of the early winter, for he saw no smoke in Rachel's cabin, and was uneasy; for all his knocking at the door no voice said "come in," and, lifting the latch, he saw, sitting in her accustomed chair before the dead

embers, Rachel, not much paler than she was used to be, but making no answer to the little boy who was crowing on her knees—faithful, faithful mother!

From that hour it seemed as if little Albert went into another world, and the hard experiences of his father and mother put together were not harder than his.

While yet a baby he was set to mind other babies by the poor, hard-working woman who took him home with her; and if any thing went wrong the mother was sure it was his fault, and not that of her own children; he was a bad boy, she thought, and did not deserve to be treated as she treated her own children. When she baked cakes she gave him a piece of bread, telling him if he were hungry he could eat that very well; and if he pouted, she shut him up in the pantry for half an hour; and if then he came not forth smiling and good-natured, she took from above the door the limber switch she kept there, to "doctor him with," as she said in her coarse way. He would never come to any thing good, she was sure, and all the pains taken with him would be pains wasted.

He had been pushed about from place to place, suffering hardships in each, till he was eight years old, when, one blustery morning, he might have been seen making his way toward the log school-house, wearing a torn straw-hat and patched trowsers, a good deal too big for him, and lifting his little naked feet very nimbly from the frosty ground; in the one hand a spelling-book—in the other a slice of heavy corn-bread. The school-master was a kind-hearted old man, and a sensible one, and soon saw the large mournful eyes of the boy were full of intelligence, and that he was meek and sweet-tempered above all the children of the school.

One day the man with whom he lived came into the school-house—Albert was near ten years old at this time—and, seizing him roughly by the arm, accused him of having stolen a dollar from the drawer at home. Albert had been studying his spelling-lesson for half an hour, so hard that he almost spoke aloud, his cheeks flushed with happy excitement—indeed, he was almost sure he should go up to the head of his class that day, when the seizure of the angry man frightened all the lesson out of his head, and the tears out of his heart—poor little Albert! Hard is the fate of the orphan!

"Eh," said the boys, who were fearful of his spelling better than they, "it was just to make believe he was good that he has been studying so hard, the little thief."

Albert trembled and cried, and, looking pleadingly at one and another, said he never saw a dollar in his life as he knew of.

"Big liar!" said the son of the man who accused him—putting his hand in Albert's pocket, and taking out the dollar—"what's that?"

Albert said if that was the dollar, he did not know how it came there; but nobody believed it for all his saying it. The man said he would not have the young rascal in his house any longer; but that if the master did not whip him soundly for the good of the school, he would.

It was a dreadful thing to steal, the master said, and the thief must not only be whipped, but turned out of school. A most solemn process of preparation was gone through, and all the school was requested to stand up and witness the flogging.

The poor child shook like a leaf in the wind, and looked one way and another to see if nobody would help him, saying all the time he did not know any thing about the money; but nobody helped him. His coat was ragged and thin enough to be sure, and would not have been much protection from the master's thong, but Albert was made to take it off. One blow after another fell across his little shrinking shoulders, and to his appeals for mercy the master said he must whip him till he confessed the crime. Many of the children cried, but one of them shook in every limb, and turned his face to the wall. It would not do; he could not keep his face to the wall; and rushing between Albert and the whip, he cried, "Don't, O, don't! I stole the money! And when I put my hand in his pocket I only pretended to take it out."

The father was not so desirous of having his own son whipped for the good of the school, and went away very much ashamed.

That night the schoolmaster could not sleep; he was seemingly sorry; and before going to school in the morning he took from the trunk containing all his treasures five little gold dollars—all bright and new. All the morning he kept his eye on the dusty way Albert would come, but without seeing him. When it was time to "rap" for the scholars to come in, he could not bear to call them—it seemed as if it would be shutting Albert out to begin the school before he came; so, opening his watch, he laid it on the desk before him, and waited five minutes, and five more, and five more, and yet five again. The boys were not playing as usual; they, too, were looking for Albert, all seated on the topmost rail of the fence, except the one who, balancing himself steady, was walking in the direc-

tion Albert was expected. "There he comes," he shouted; "I saw him first;" and a general shout of gladness followed. "He is going into the big class; he has got a whole bundle of books," said one lad to another; but the delighted hum sunk quickly to silence when it was seen that it was not a bundle of books Albert carried, but a bundle of clothes.

He was going away off, he said; he did not know where; may be to his grandfather's, if he could find the place.

"You can't never find it," said the boys, for all would gladly have detained him.

"Then I will find some other," said Albert, "and I can't find a worse one;" and he held up one hand that was streaked and sore with the marks of the whip.

"But you can't never carry that heavy bundle," urged the boys, for they felt now how much they loved him.

"O, it is not heavy," said Albert; and he added sadly and simply, "I could carry a good deal more if I had it."

When he began shaking hands every boy was wiping his eyes, and saying, "Don't go! O don't go!"

Directly the master came out, and told Albert he had better stay till he was a year older; and when the child answered that he had no place to stay, the old man put the five bright dollars into his hand, saying may be they would help him along, and having told him as well as he could how to find the way, and for one moment laid his hand on the bright head of the boy, went into the school-house, weeping like the rest.

Sitting down in the shade of a tree to rest, Albert counted the gold dollars; and when he saw there were five, thought he should have money enough to last all his life. But by and by he grew hungry, and when he had eaten his dinner, quarter of a dollar was gone; and when he had had a bed for the night and his breakfast, a whole dollar was missing.

Sometimes he went aside from the direct way, and sometimes the people with whom he ate, or the teamsters in whose wagons he rode for awhile, asked more money than they should have done for their little kindnesses, and the five dollars dwindled gradually to three, and then to two, and then to one, and at last for two days before he found his grandfather Albert had no money at all.

It was as if the story his mother had told him in infancy lived fresh in his mind, for he thought to get to his grandfather's house would be like getting into Eden; and lighted through the

darkness by the bright pictures of the happy life he was going to lead, he zigzagged along in the right direction; for faith is sure to be answered by protection, and the feet that have none to guide them go oftentimes aright.

Little Albert was not mistaken—every step was bringing him nearer the bright morning gate that was soon to uncloset for him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CANARY BIRD.

A SMALL girl, named Caroline, had a most lovely canary bird. The little creature sung from morning till night, and was very beautiful. Its color was yellow, with a black head. And Caroline gave him seed and cabbage to eat, and occasionally a small piece of sugar, and every day fresh clean water to drink.

But suddenly the bird began to be mournful, and one morning, when Caroline brought him his water, he lay dead in the cage.

And she raised a loud lamentation over the favorite animal, and wept bitterly. But the mother of the girl went and purchased another, which was more beautiful than the first in color, and just as lovely in its song, and put it in the cage.

But the child wept louder than ever when she saw the new bird.

And the mother was greatly astonished, and said, "My dear child, why are you still weeping and sorrowful? Your tears will not call the dead bird into life, and here you have one which is not inferior to the other."

Then the child said, "O, dear mother, I treated my bird unkindly, and did not do for it all that I could and should have done."

"Dear Lina, you have always taken care of it diligently."

"O no," replied the child, "a short time before its death I did not bring to him the piece of sugar which you gave me for that purpose, but ate it myself." Thus spoke the girl with a sorrowful heart.

But the mother did not smile at this complaint, for she understood and revered the holy voice of nature in the heart of the child.

"Ah!" said she, "how can an ungrateful child have a peaceful mind while standing at the grave of its parents!"

What a moral does the above teach the young! Many a child has had his peace embittered by undutiful conduct to his parents. A single act of filial impiety is often the cause of life-long regret.

MEMORY.

BY HON. HORACE P. BIDDLE.

MEMORY holds the sacred treasures
Garnered for the heart and mind,
And records our dearest pleasures,
Leaving care and pain behind.

And without its radiant pages,
All our years once having flown—
Though they numbered thrice our ages—
Would be lost and ever gone.

But in memory we recall them,
Thus their pleasures ever last;
No sad fate can now befall them,
For they're hallowed in the past.

Memory is the secret mirror
Of the soul, wherein it sees
All it loves, that dear and dearer
Grows as time still onward flees.

Though it may not dazzle brightly,
Yet its light fades not away,
And the heart, if beating rightly,
Feels its warm and genial ray.

Oft it changes pain to pleasure,
And subdues the keenest smart;
Even grief becomes a treasure
To the true and chastened heart.

Still we see a sister, brother;
Still we clasp a blooming bride;
Still in dreams our gentle mother
Comes and watches by our side.

And the faith our mother taught us,
On the spirit's noiseless wing,
Comes as if an angel sought us,
Robbing pain of half its sting.

Sweet impressions of our childhood,
Flowers and birds, the rocks and stream,
Pleasing haunts along the wildwood,
Long survive our manhood's dream.

These, when all the rest have perished,
Are the latest to depart,
For the things that first we cherished
Are the last to leave the heart!

THE FOOT OF TIME.

Too late I staid—forgive the crime;
Unheeded flew the hours:
How noiseless falls the foot of time,
That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of the glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks
That dazzle as they pass!

O, who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings!

HEBREWS VI, 4, 5, 6.

BY REV. WM. JEWETT.

I SAW in one of the numbers of the Ladies' Repository, remarks made by the editor in reference to some question or questions in which there was reference to Hebrews vi, 4, 5, 6, at which time I thought I would "show thee also mine opinion," and will endeavor to do it briefly.

"For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again to repentance."

We may inquire, to whom was this address made? Were they, or were they not, Christians? By Christians I mean children of God by faith in Jesus Christ. We take the ground that they were *real* Christians, deeply experienced in the knowledge and love of God. And to sustain us in this view we might quote a great portion of this epistle. See chapter iii, 1: "Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, consider the apostle and high-priest of our profession, Christ Jesus." Here they are called "brethren," "holy brethren," "partakers of the heavenly calling;" and as such they are urged to consider the apostle and high-priest of their profession. In verse six they are called the house of Christ; and if they hold fast the confidence and hope firm to the end, they continue to be his house. In verse twelve they are exhorted to take heed lest they depart in heart from the living God. Again, verse fourteen, we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end.

Those who are not satisfied with the above may consult the following: chapter iv, 1, 3, 11, 14, 16; v, 12, 13, 14; vi, 1, 9, 11, 19; x, 15, 19, 22, 23, 24, 32, 34, 35, 36; xi, 16; xii, 1, 3, 7, 15, 28; xiii, 1.

From the way in which the fifth chapter is closed and the sixth commenced, it is evident that the apostle was speaking to his brethren. After admitting they were children, he labors to have them mature, become adults, or fathers in experience.

One argument, among many others found in this epistle, is, the one contained in the three verses at the head of this paper, "For it is impossible," etc.

We will first make a few remarks on a word or two found in the text, not that we think they are hard to be understood, but because there are some who put a meaning to them which we think

erroneous, and, perhaps, to avoid clashing with a doctrine of their creed.

The term "*taste*" is twice used and once implied in the text: as, "*tasted* of the heavenly gift," "*tasted* the good word of God;" it is implied in the latter clause of the fifth verse, and then it would read, "and tasted of the powers of the world to come." What does the apostle mean by tasting? Did he mean that those who tasted of the heavenly gift, the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, actually did participate in the heavenly gift, good word of God? We reply that he did. The following Scriptures abundantly prove that tasting is the receiving a measure or portion of the thing tasted. Cruden, in Concordance, says, "To taste, is to have an inward experimental knowledge of a thing." Let us look at the word of God on this point. Psalm xxxiv, 8, "O taste and see that the Lord is good." Again, 1 Samuel xiv, 29, 43, "I tasted a little of this honey. And I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in mine hand, and, lo, I must die." If tasting does not imply the receiving any portion of the thing tasted, how did Jonathan come under the curse of David? Again, Hebrews ii, 9, "Jesus *tasted* death for every man." Did Jesus actually die, or was it appearance only? To ask the question is enough to induce a correct answer. The reader may consult the following Scripture: Matthew xvi, 28; xxvii, 34; Mark ix, 1; Luke ix, 27; xiv, 24; John viii, 52; Colossians ii, 21; 1 Peter ii, 3; Job xxxiv, 2. We think, if there be any meaning to the term taste, it means to receive a portion of the thing tasted, and is synonymous to the phrase, made partakers; hence, we are made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and enjoying this great favor, the Christian can assert, "*I know* I am accepted of God; he is mine, and I am his."

"Tasted the good word of God." The Bible is to him the book of books; on the Gospel he feasts; it is his meat and drink. See Psalm xix, 10, 11; Proverbs xxiv, 13, 14. He delights to read it, to hear it, to meditate upon it, and to obey its teachings.

"The powers of the world to come," he has a foretaste, he partakes in a degree of the same holiness and enjoyments he will enjoy to the full if he gets to heaven. This is what we denominate perfect love, holiness, entire holiness, entire consecration to God, bringing with it feelings of joy, and enabling the soul to rejoice evermore, and in every thing to give thanks. Well might Moses say, "Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved

by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency!" Deuteronomy xxxiii, 29.

We have now taken a view of what all may attain to in this life, and no doubt but that many do enjoy years before they change this life for eternity.

Some will now ask, is it possible to change from this state, be lost; or changed from it in part, and be restored again? In regard to the first part of this inquiry, we answer: this man may change, or fall away. He may fall to a very great extent, and be restored again; and he may fall away so that it is impossible to renew him again to repentance. The Greek phrase, in the text rendered "if they shall fall away," is thus rendered by three great men: Dr. Macknight, who was a Calvinist, says that the phrase "ought to have been translated, '*have fallen away*,'" and he says this is "according to the true import of the word;" Mr. Wesley and Dr. Clarke agree, and render it, "and having fallen away." We shall not undertake here to prove that the doctrine of the possibility of falling from grace is a Bible doctrine, but to present the text in a plain and simple way before your readers:

1. The man is found where all sinners are till they are enlightened—in darkness; but God enlightens them—here called *once enlightened*—without this he never can exercise a godly repentance: this enlightenment renews him to a state where he may repent; and if he does, he

2. Will taste of the heavenly gift—that is, he will be pardoned and be brought into favor with God—and then

3. He may partake of the Holy Ghost, by which he will know for himself, "my sins are pardoned;" he will have an assurance of this fact; and

4. He will then taste, enjoy the good word of God; he can take hold of the great and precious promises of God's word, and apprehend the Savior; and then

5. He shall taste or partake of the power of the world to come; and if diligent to the end, shall obtain a seat in heaven.

Now we will turn our attention to another view of the subject—if they fall away. Fall away: do they fall instantly, or is it gradual? We answer, generally it is gradually; as,

1. They lose the blessing of perfect love; he has lost the enjoyment of the power of the world to come, and he may be restored again; or,

2. He may so fall as to lose all relish for the word of God; he may neglect to hear it

preached, or even to read it, as has been done often, and after this be reclaimed; and now he is in a state

3. In which the Holy Ghost has so far left him, that, though he once could and did say, "I love God," he can not now; and even from this fallen state he may be reclaimed; there is mercy for him; and yet he can go farther,

4. And lose all enjoyment of the Son of God, and be as destitute thereof as any poor sinner, and yet he may be brought back to the fold, for the Spirit of God still enlightens his mind, alarms his fears, and shows him his danger, and urges him to return to God from whom he has fallen. If he listens, he will be restored; but if not, he will take the

5. Step, and fall from the enlightening grace of God, and be given up to believe a lie and be damned. A man who has so fallen can not be renewed again to repentance, and, of course, he can not be saved. Repentance is a preparation to the exercise of faith, and faith, if it can not be exercised in relation to such persons, renders it impossible for them to be saved. What a state must such be in, not only here, but hereafter! May the good Lord have mercy upon us for Jesus' sake!

I give you what I think to be the true meaning of the apostle on this text.

GRAND CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE.

As there is no such thing in the heavens as a rectilinear motion, it is evident that the Sun, with all his planets and comets, is in rapid motion round an invisible body. To that mysterious center we may, in another age, point our telescopes, detecting, perchance, the great luminary which controls our system, and bends its path into that vast orbit which man, in the whole cycle of his race, may never be allowed to round. If the buried relics of primeval life have taught us how brief has been our tenure of this globe, compared with its occupancy by the brutes that perish, this grand sidereal truth must impress upon us the no less humbling lesson, that from the birth of man to the extinction of his race, the system to which he belongs will have described but an infinitesimal arc in that grand orbit in which it revolves. If reason ever falters beneath the weight of its conceptions, it is under this overwhelming idea of time and of space. One round of this immeasurable path the Sun may be destined to describe. How long a journey has it been in the past! How brief in the present! How endless in the future!

MEMORIES AND LEGENDS.

NUMBER II.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A LADY OF THE OLDEN SCHOOL.

I WILL first tell you about her mansion, as the frame of a picture has something to do with the impression it makes. Look back to the close of the last century, and come with me to a parallelogram of white wood, characterized by amplitude and durability. The doors and windows are in the right place, and a broad hall dividing the house longitudinally gave free passage for the summer air. Alternate columns of the white rose and the sweet-brier were trained quite to the eaves of the slightly-projecting roof. Paved walks, leading to the principal entrances, intersected the green court-yard, and lightly swung the gate upon its hinges, under the protection of a pair of noble spruce-trees, like tutelary deities, over whom the seasons had no power.

Three gardens were there, where the heart of childhood especially disported itself. In the one, principally devoted to flowers, was a geometrical disposition of parts, which the fathers were accustomed to call "a knot." Enthroned in the heart of the central bed was the peony, in its rich mantle—its full, red cheeks looking more apoplectic than queenly. Troops of tulips, in every variety of costume, guarded it, and the lily peeresses, in their creamy satin robes, declined their graceful heads as in a royal presence. Damask roses, scattered here and there, as if scarce in hereditary rank, looked down with contempt upon usurpation. Violets and bluebells nestled lovingly at the feet of the aristocracy. Soldiers in green flirted with the ragged ladies, regardless of the monk so near in his somber hood. Lilacs, and snow-balls, and the hardier shrubbery, made pioneer settlements, or partially screened the spot consecrated to the domestic materia medica. There flourished the hoarhound and tansey; thyme and balm armed themselves against the formidable array of fevers; the climbing hop and heavy-headed poppy lulled your senses to forgetfulness; and the honest, rough-leaved sage seemed inwardly repeating the old Latin proverb, "*Cur moriator homa, dum salis crescet in hatur?*"

The two other gardens were devoted to fruit-trees and esculents, and kept in perfect order. In their beautiful bounds might often be seen walking, yes, and working, too, the lady of the mansion. Her knowledge of horticulture and floriculture had become practical, as well as theo-

retical. Somewhat above the common hight, all her movements were marked by grace and dignity. Her clear, blue eye was singularly expressive, and her voice an echo of the soul's harmony. She had grown old in this lovely retreat; but Time had respected the beauty which he had been unable to conquer and was reluctant to impair. Birth and marriage had nurtured her in aristocracy and affluence. The discipline of sorrow, that had held in check this flood of prosperity, was severe: the death of three fair sons, her only children, in the bloom of childhood, and early widowhood. Deep sympathy for all who mourned, ineffable tenderness for the little ones, and a pious trust in the Fatherly hand that had smitten her, were the results of affliction.

Emphatically was she a lady of the old school, looking well to the ways of her household—touching every spring of order and economy—thinking nothing beneath her that promoted the comfort and improvement of those whom God had gathered under her own roof. A sacred relation seemed to her to grow out of the circumstance of sharing the same home, which she strove to make conducive to rational happiness.

If in her worldly ambition had ever existed, it had been so chastened by the adversity of suffering as to leave only apparent the elements of exquisite refinement and high intellectual culture. Her piety partook more of her own idiom of character than of the spirit of the times, combining active benevolence with an innate forbearance, and having no admixture of that bigotry which would fain extinguish every light which its own torch hath not kindled.

To liberality of sentiment was added a free expenditure of money and of time, as the needs of those around her suggested. Counsel was sought for from her, experience and wisdom having made her a kind of Delphic oracle. She took the minute concerns of others into her heart, having more room for them from the circumstance that self did not monopolize the usual amount of space. The colored person and the poor Indian—for the remnant of an aboriginal tribe dwelt near her—were received with courtesy and kindness, whether they came for bread, or for a garment, or for the sweetness of advice.

Her benevolence was proverbial. Gifts for display formed no part of it. Her almoners were trained to an invisible ministry. Food for the hungry and shelter for the homeless were ever found in her hospitable abode. That a bounty so unrestricted should be sometimes

abused, was to have been expected. There were those who counseled her to more of worldly wisdom, or a sterner discrimination.

Among these was a gentleman whom she greatly respected—the brother of her departed husband. The residence of his family being opposite to her own, he daily came to inquire after her welfare, and to offer that counsel and aid which are so soothing and acceptable to the widowed heart. The winter of life had fallen upon him, but without chilling his fine social feelings. He had never changed the gentlemanly costume, which was then beginning to be somewhat antique—the white, full-bottomed wig—the cocked three-cornered hat—large silver buckles in the shoes, and smaller ones at the knees—with fair, plaited ruffles at the bosom and over the hands.

Seated side by side, in her scrupulously neat parlor, he might sometimes be heard to say,

"You have been deceived lately in some of your objects of charity. The good are unsuspicious, and the designing ready to turn it to their own advantage."

"I know," she would reply, with that sweet-toned voice, "I have sometimes given to the unworthy. But how shall I discriminate, not having power to read the heart? Suspicion might save us from imposition on some occasions, and on others seal up our sympathies from the deserving. God sendeth rain upon the just and the unjust. If we too rigidly adjust our scales, may we not withhold from those poor who are his family? Does he require us to proportion our bounties accurately to the merits of the receiver? Methinks I had rather give to ten unworthy persons than neglect one lowly servant of my Lord."

"Your arguments honor your benevolence, my sister. Shall I say that they impeach your judgment? I know you do not intend to reward deceit or encourage vice. Indiscriminate alms tempt the thrifless to continue in indolence, and the sinner to repeat his sin. Both these results are an injury to the community."

"What, then, do you consider the safest mode of charity?"

"Undoubtedly that of investing capital in the industry of the poor. Thus you preserve their self-respect and lead them to a right use of their being and its capacities. Whoever undertakes to support the family of an intemperate man, takes from him the strongest motive to his own reformation."

"Brother, your theory is good, but the practice difficult. Childhood, sickness, and imbecility must always be exceptions. The roaming

beggar would evade it. It can be only well tested in the families of the active and healthful poor. I have myself distributed wool and flax among this class, and found them gladly received and faithfully manufactured. This afforded them profitable occupation and me an opportunity, through the intercourse that followed, of becoming better acquainted with their character and habits, and ministering to their improvement.

"Systems like these can not be too highly praised; but they will never become general. Love of ease is the insuperable barrier. As long as the gift of money, with little inquiry, involves no labor, quiets conscience, and is the form of charity of which the world takes cognizance with praise, it will be apt to prevail."

Conversations of this nature were prone to end by the kind gentleman's forgetting to practice what he preached, and leaving a donation for some of the numerous pensioners of his sister.

In the days of which we speak, large private collections of books in the provincial towns were almost unknown. Yet in the library of this lady was a cabinet of dark, rich wood, whose shelves were stored with standard authors, selected by her husband during a visit to London. In their pages she found aliment for intellect and taste, and solace for loneliness. Most frequently drawn from their recesses were Tillotson and Sherlock, and the witty South; among historians, Burnet and Clarendon; and that keen, political satire, "Chrysal; or, the Adventures of a Guinea;" of the English Augustan age, Steele and Addison, Pope, Dryden, and Young, but especially the "Night Thoughts" of the latter, which was her daily companion.

That same precious cabinet had a nook for children. Meager enough would it be thought nowadays, when Genius and Fancy take them upon their wings, and Science and Literature bow to them at every turn. What do you think was in that small and rather secret nook, climbed after, surreptitiously peeped into, and even rifled by the little ones? I take shame at writing the list which then excited my cupidity: "Grumbolumbo," "Mother Goose," "The Bag of Nuts ready Cracked," "Robinson Crusoe," and the dramatic elegy of "Who Killed Cock Robin?"

This lady of the olden school had a delightful habit of gathering around her, by invitation, groups of her juvenile friends. Who knew so well as she how to make them happy, and, at the same time, better and wiser. Seated around her every eye was fixed, every heart a listener. Stories she told them, either from the inspired volume or the broad range of history, with

which she was familiar. Songs she sang them, her voice being one of great compass and melody. Flowers she had for them, as little text-books of botany, or themes to illustrate the bounty of the Giver. Her skillful and flying scissors produced for them imitations of the beautiful things of creation—birds on the nest, squirrels among the branches, clusters of grapes, and wreaths of the rose and lily—keepsakes that they pressed in their Bibles, or sent to distant friends as forget-me-nots. When the sun grew low, she seated them at her tea-table, not thinking it beneath her to minister bountifully yet judiciously to those animal appetites, which, among juveniles, are wont to have so keen a life. As their social visits were generally on the afternoons of Saturday, some earnest precept about reverencing the Sabbath, obeying parents, loving brothers and sisters, making playmates and all people happy, were so tenderly mingled with the parting kiss as to be as a gem in memory for all future time.

The good thus done by this childless mother, whose heart yearned over those whom Jesus Christ took in his arms and blessed, will be known in that world where all hallowed influences are traced to their true source. Thus loving and loved—making woman's own sphere beautiful and more and more venerated by each succeeding race—she serenely numbered fourscore and eight years. Beautiful was she to the last. Like unto the angels was she, when they stood around her couch and claimed her company.

Let no one think that extreme age need be unlovely or lonely. More than seventy years had scattered almond-blossoms on her temples ere I saw the light. Yet by that intuition by which children discern the loving and the good, I draw near to her in a companionship blessing and blessed; and now, after this lapse of years, tears of gratitude suffuse my eye at the memory of her sublimated goodness—her active and beautiful old age.

WHERE WE MAY SEARCH FOR THE ANGELS.

SEARCH for the angels in your households, and cherish them while they are among you. It may be that all unconsciously you frown upon them, when a smile would lead you to a knowledge of their exceeding worth. They may be among the least cared for, most despised; but when they are gone with their silent influence, then will you mourn for them as for a jewel of great worth.

LITERARY WOMEN OF AMERICA.

NUMBER VI.

BY THE EDITOR.

SOME NOTICE OF THE WRITINGS AND GENIUS OF ALICE CARY.

WE have already intimated that, besides the temporary consideration which she has attained as a successful magazine writer, the literary fame of Alice Cary rests mainly upon her *Clovernook* series,* and upon her published poems.†

The recent publication of her select poems has contributed much to forward her growing reputation, and also to place it upon a substantial basis. Here we have a collection of her best poems that have heretofore appeared, and also a new poem of some length, "The Maiden of Tlascala." Alice Cary has written much during the past fifteen years—we know of no one who has written more—too much, we think, for the good of her own reputation. She writes with great facility; her thoughts flow with ease; and she revises, prunes, and condenses comparatively little. She exhibits but little of the pains-taking of some of the choice English authors who "built for all time." We think it would have been better for her literary fame had she written less and elaborated more. Nevertheless, these poems vindicate the claim of Alice Cary to rank among the poets of our country; nay, we will go further—to rank among the poets of the world. Wherever the English language is spread she will be known as one gifted with the inspiration of song.

Brought up, as we have already seen, under the genial influences of rural life, her communings are with nature and with the heart. And as the music of nature is always solemn, so is it with the productions of nature's poets. With Alice Cary the sad, the almost despairing melancholy predominates. We may say of her as she says of the genius of poetry:

"But mostly were his visions sorrowful;
For all the higher attributes of life
Have still some touch of sadness."

We see it in her choice of themes, in her imagery, in her thoughts, and, above all, we feel it in the very spirit that pervades the productions of her pen. A critic—himself a poet—justly inquires:

"To say nothing of the distressing sameness

* *Clovernook*; or, *Recollections of our Neighborhood in the West*. By Alice Cary. New York: J. S. Redfield. 1861.

Clovernook—Second Series. New York: J. S. Redfield.

1863. 12mo. 364 pp.

† *Poems*. By Alice Cary. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866.

16mo. 399 pp.

‡ *Conter-Kinney*.

of the subjects, are not four hundred pages of sorrow too much to be bound in one volume? Does not one come out with a rather cloyed sensation of crossed love and sentimental death, after having agonized along these thousands of passion-dyed and fancy-spun lines of beautiful woe? Why should the silvery ringings of the running brooks, and the delirious music of the wild birds, and the whisper of the winds, and the glory of the stars, and the sunsets of summer, and the bloom of the earth, and the blue of the sky—all beautiful things, below and above, be muffled to the melancholy pitch of poetic pathos, and wailed in a most melodious dirge forever?"

And yet poetry that *is* poetry must be the outflowing of the heart; and if the heart be sorrowful, how shall its creations be otherwise than tinged with somber hues?

We do not care to compare her with other female poets. But it is due to truth and to her to say that it is a partial judgment that places her first among the female poets of America. Few have excelled her; she is equaled by few. She may yet surpass all, for she has the elements of growth. A high yet unreachd goal is before her. The past ten years have marked a rapid development of the elements of the genuine poet in her. Let her struggle onward and upward.

We know that men talk about genius as though it were something distinct from and independent of labor. Greatness, they think, is the gift of nature and not a product of labor. We do not much wonder that such an impression should obtain, when we reflect how seldom the popular mind rests upon the care and watching, the privation and toil the truly eminent have struggled through before their brows were decked with the laurel of renown. Their long and painful cloister struggles, the patience and endurance with which they met and overcame the obstacles in their path, are all unknown to the world. We gaze upon the victor, we are dazzled and astonished at the glory which encircles his name, but we forget the mighty struggles of the battle-field. No one, however celebrated in his course, has spontaneously "burst away from those bands thrown by nature around our finite capacities," and glided without effort up the rugged summits of literary fame. The altitude where they seem to peer above the vast multitude has not been attained without distinguished effort.

We appeal to history, that faithful chronicler of the characters and fortunes of men. You all recollect the beautiful eulogium pronounced by

Erskine upon one who was undoubtedly the greatest philosopher that ever lived: "Newton, whose mind burst forth from the fetters cast by nature upon our finite conceptions—Newton, whose science was truth, and the foundation of whose knowledge of it was philosophy . . . who carried the line and rule to the utmost barriers of creation, and explored the principles by which, no doubt, all created matter is held together and exists." Not less sublime is the tribute of the muse:

"Lo! Newton, priest of nature, shines afar,
Scans the wide world and numbers every star!
Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye?
Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,
The speed of light, the circling march of sound."

Turn now from the panegyrist of Newton to his faithful biographer:* "The flower of his youth and the vigor of his manhood were entirely devoted to science. No injudicious guardian controlled his ruling passion, and no ungenial studies or professional toils interrupted the continuity of his pursuits. His discoveries were, therefore, the fruit of persevering and unbroken study; and he himself declared that whatever service he had done to the public, was not owing to any extraordinary sagacity, but solely to industry and patient thought." The genius of Newton was the genius of persevering industry; his inspiration the inspiration of patient thought.

Nor is this scarcely less the case in any department of literature. In proof of this we appeal to the laborious industry, the patient research, and the multiplied revisions of those who have written for immortality. What, then, is genius? Labor—persevering, energetic labor. Without this every gift of nature will be blighted and withered. Whatever of extraordinary gifts may lie at the foundation, they are only the basis upon which the *work-man* is to build. The foundation will be but a by-word and a hissing, comparatively useless, unless the superstructure go up by patient toil.

We apply these thoughts to the poet. We look for him, if he be a true poet, to increase by labor. We expect him to be constantly enlarging the domain of his knowledge, rising to clearer perceptions of the beautiful and the sublime, chastening his fancy and endeavoring to enrich it with those finer and more delicate touches that distinguish the genuine muse, and, not least, do we expect his heart to be constantly

* David Brewster, LL. D.

expanding in the breadth and depth of its sympathy with all that is great and good. In this sense the poet is made by labor.

We do not, then, underrate the genius of Alice Cary, because the labor performed in and for its development is so apparent at every stage of her intellectual history. She has read, thought—for Alice Cary *thinks*—and written almost incessantly for the past fifteen years; and but for this labor Alice Cary would have been unknown in the world of literature. Had she labored more intensely in *working out*—in elaborating her ideas, rather than in multiplying her poems, we have no doubt she would have produced much more than she has done that would possess “the ring of the true metal.” She would have worked off her mannerisms; she would have enriched her productions with a greater variety of ideas, and ideas of higher value; she would have freed herself from the too frequent repetition of certain set phrases and images—good enough, poetic enough in themselves, but offensive enough in their repetition.

Yet we must do justice to her talents and attainments. In a journal of high literary merit we find her thus characterized:

“There is in her verse a luminous flow of thought and feeling, sometimes unambitious, but always true to nature and her own consciousness. Of her shorter pieces, many have been widely copied in the newspapers of the day, and are familiar to the hearts of thousands; but her fame will assuredly rest—if she, unhappily, writes no more—on the longer poem, ‘The Maiden of Tlascala,’ now first published, which closes the volume. In this are displayed a readiness of expression, a vigor of thought, a wealth of imagery, a power of imagination, and a delicacy of fancy, for which her most partial admirers were scarcely prepared. It occasionally reminds us of ‘Festus,’ by a suddenness and daring of imagery; of the ‘Princess,’ by the masterly skill with which a soaring thought is overmastered and trained to the uses of beauty by rules of art; of ‘Evangeline,’ by fervor of feeling, and mellow and undefinable sweetness as well of conception as expression.”

The truthfulness of this all who have read her poems will admit. “The Maiden of Tlascala” is perhaps the most ambitious of all her poems. It is a narrative poem founded on events in the history of Tezcuco during the golden age, as described by Prescott. Our readers are already familiar with many of her best poems—for many of her richest gems found their egress into the literary world through the columns of the Ladies’

Repository. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves mainly to a notice of some of the beauties and defects of this poem.

The opening paragraph evinces descriptive power of no ordinary character:

“White-limbed and quiet, by her nightly tomb
Sat the young Day, new-risen; at her feet,
Wrapt loose together, lay the burial clouds;
And on her forehead, like the unsteady crown
Of a late winged immortal, flamed the sun.
All seasons have their beauty: drowsy Noon,
Winking along the hill-tops lazily;
And fiery sandaled Eve, that bards of eld,
Writing their sweet rhymes on the aloe leaves,
Paused reverently to worship, as she went,
Like a worn gleaner, with a sheaf of corn
Pressed to her bosom, lessening, down the west;
And thou, dusk huntress! through whose heavy locks
Shimmer the icy arrows of the stars—
About whose solemn brow once blinded Faith
Wound the red shadows of the carnival,
Till o’er its flower-crowned holocaust waxed pale
The constellation of the Pleiades—
Fair art thou: but more fair the rising day!”

Young’s Night Thoughts does not present a passage that teems with deeper thought, sounder philosophy, or more genuine poetry than the following. When we see

“The purposes God puts about our woe,
Behind the plowing storm run shining waves,
Like beetles through new furrows; the same hand
That peels the tough husk of the chrysalis,
Gives it its double wings to fly withal;
The rain that makes the wren sail heavily
Sets on the millet stocks their golden tops:
And earthly immortality is bought
At the great price of earthly happiness.
Only the gods from the blue skies come down,
Mad for the love of genius—Genius, named,
Also, the Sorrowful; and from the clouds,
That dim the lofty heaven of poesy,
Falls out the sweetest music; in the earth
The seed must be imprisoned, ere to life
It quicken and sprout brightly; the sharp stroke
Brings from the flint its fiery property;
And that we call misfortune, to the wise
Is a good minister, and knowledge brings:
And knowledge is the basis whereon power
Builds her eternal arches. In the dust
Of baffled purposes springs up resolve,
The plant which bears the fruit of victory.
The old astrologers were wrong: nor star,
Nor the vexed ghosts that glide into the light,
From the unquiet charnels of the bad,
Nor wicked sprite of air, nor such as leap
Nimble from wave to wave along the sea,
Enchanting with sweet tongues disastrous ships
Till the rough crews are half in love with death,
Have any spell of evil witchery
To keep us back from being what we would,
If wisdom temper the true bent of us.
We drive the furrow, with the share of faith,
Through the waste field of life, and our own hands
Sow thick the seeds that spring to weeds or flowers,

And never strong Necessity, nor Fate,
Trammels the soul that firmly says, I WILL!"

What a beautiful moral lesson in the following lines, and with what power is it uttered!

"We all at some time have need to say, Forgive!
Far from the banished Eden though we be,
Some beautiful provision meets our need—
Slumber, and dreamy pillows, for the tired;
For labor, plenteous harvests, and for love
The crowning nuptial; for old age, repose;
And for the worn and weary, kindly death
To make the all-composing lullaby.
But nothing in this low and ruined world
Bears the meek impress of the Son of God
So surely as forgiveness."

One who can give existence to such conceptions as the following lines needs no argument to vindicate her claim to a place among the poets:

"'Tis not the outward garniture of things
That through the senses makes creation fair,
But the out-flow of an indwelling light,
That gives its lovely aspect to the world."

So of these:

"Genius goes with melancholy steps
Searching the world for the selectest forms
Of high, and pure, and passionless excellence—
Large-browed, unmated Genius—yearning still
For the divinities which in its dreams
Brighten along the mountain-tops of thought."

So of these:

"Complainings ill befit the sunset time
That folds earth's shadow, like a poison flower,
And leaves life's last waves brokenly along
The unknown bowers of eternity.
'Tis an extremity that warns us back
From staggering on, alas! we know not what."

And so also these:

"For sometimes, keen, and cold, and pitiless truth,
In spite of us, will press to open light
The naked angularities of things,
And from the steep ideal the soul drop
In wild and sorrowful beauty, like a star
From the blue heights of heaven into the sea."

What power is condensed in the following!
It would not dishonor Shakspeare:

"The attempt
Is all the wedge that splits its knotty way
Betwixt the impossible and possible."

Here, too, is hate:

"By the power
Of all the gods, his wanton lip shall drink
The wine of wormwood. I will hush full soon
The splendor from his ugly body down,
And whistle him out to run before my hate,
Unkingdomed and unfriended, for his life."

Here is poetry:

"Our deaths are but the mystic stops
In the great melody of love."

Hear what she says of formal prayer:

"Words that are lipt
By the anointed priesthood, day by day,

May need more to be prayed for than the curse
Of a profane, unmeditative word."

But, says one, "Are nothing but gems to be found in Alice Cary's poems?" It would be strange were it not possible for the critic to ferret out some hidden defects. Let us try our hand. Here we have it:

"She could not pause, but birds pecked round her feet,
Fluttering and singing; if at eve she walked,
The clouds rained tender dews upon her head;
Meeting a hungry lion in the woods,
Grinding his tusks, he crouched and piteous whined,
Then turned his great sad face and fled away—
Love was her only armor, yet he fled.
Her wheel spun round itself; the trickiest goat
Stood patient for the milking; jubilant,
The smooth-stemmed corn its gray-green tassels shook,
As she went binding its broad blades to sheaves."

We have rarely ever seen so many blunders crowded into a single sentence. We should like to know whether those birds "pecked" and "sung" at the same time. Then, too, about the dew, whether the clouds actually "rained" it down, and whether it fell only upon the "Maiden of Tlascala?" But, still worse, we have a "lion" in Mexico; he had "tusks"—what a monster!—he "whined," and, to crown the whole, he had a "great sad face!" We wonder if the race has become extinct! Nor must we overlook the mysterious wheel that "spun round itself." A glorious invention that! Both the lion and the wheel are a curiosity in their line.

Here is another furnished to our hand:

"Once when we lingered, sorrow-proof,
My gentle love and me."

Whatever we may say of the poetry in this couplet, we can not "stand up" for the grammar. Poetic license will not warrant putting *me* for *I* in order to make a rhyme.

We had marked some half a dozen exceptionable passages, but have room for no more. Our fair author has precedent for such occasion lapses; for nearly every poet, high or low, has occasionally fallen into them. But they are defects nevertheless, and we can but wonder that, amid such a constellation of real gems and such critical good taste, they should have slipped from under the hand of the author.

PRAISE.

PRAISE not people to their faces, to the end that they may pay thee in the same coin. This is so thin a cobweb, that it may with little difficulty be seen through; 'tis rarely strong enough to catch flies of any considerable magnitude.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

"SCATTERING, YET INCREASING."—"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth."—*Proverbs xi, 24.*

Were it not that the process is so familiar, we would see something very strange in the operations of the husbandman. Here, on the thrashing-floor, stands a heap of corn—so daintily sifted—so pure and so precious, like a little mountain of burnished gold or glistening pearls; and there, outside, is a piece of plowed earth, so black, and bare, and uninviting: and yet into that beautiful heap he plunges his sieve, and from the snug barn carries it abroad and ruthlessly consigns to the cold and dreary loam the bright relics of last summer, and leaves them in the rain to burst, and macerate, and waste away. You remonstrate, and he replies, "There is no other way to change that black loam into an expanse of waving verdure. And now that this barn is well-nigh empty, there is no other way to fill it with sheaves next autumn. Each of these grains I hope will grow into an ear, and for this bushel I hope to get back twenty. I scatter to increase."

So with the merchantman. How can you let go those sovereigns, so fresh and true, so radiant with the regal visage, so rich in multifarious promise? How can you bring yourself to part with all this solid joy and concentrated happiness? "I intend that they shall come back to me, and before they return I hope each messenger will find his fellow. By trading I hope that my ten pounds will grow to ten pounds more. I scatter to increase."

But it is not in husbandry and merchandise only that the principle obtains. You read a new publication; and when you close the book, the story or the argument is bright in your remembrance. But having no society, or having that silent humor which even in society makes the man solitary, you keep your acquisition to yourself: you never speak of it, and six months hereafter a rusty reminiscence, a dim notion or an ambiguous fact, is the entire remainder: whereas your affable companion, who shared his intellectual feast with friends and neighbors, retains his treasure unimpaired. Or a young scholar is making his first trial of composition; and he fears that this essay will exhaust the sum-total of his literary property. He thinks he has a few good ideas, and one or two rather striking illustrations. But if he puts the whole into the present speech or poem, what is to become of him? There will be no assets left: he will be reduced to intellectual bankruptcy. But you say, No fear. An earnest mind is not a bucket but a fountain; and as good thoughts flow out, better thoughts flow in. Good thoughts are gregarious; the bright image or sparkling aphorism—fear not to give it wing; for lured by its decoy, thoughts of sublimer range and sunnier pinion will be sure to descend and gather round it. As you scatter you'll increase. And it is in this way that while many a thought which might have enriched the world has lain buried in a sullen or monastic spirit, like a creak of gold in a coffin—the good idea of a frank and forth-spoken man gets currency, and after being improved to the

advantage of thousands, has returned to its originator with usury. It has been lent, and so it has not been lost. It has been communicated, and so it has been preserved. It has circulated, and so it has increased.

Again: it is the Christian's duty to scatter kind looks and gracious words, good gifts and friendly deeds; and although not the prompting motive in so doing, God has so arranged the moral husbandry that he who thus scatters will increase. Not only will he make the world the better, but a recompense will come back into his own bosom.

The Gospel is the expression of God's love, and the believer is a man who, filled with Heaven's emanating kindness, becomes in his turn a living Gospel. There is an ecclesiastical Christianity, and there is a dogmatic Christianity. The former regards it as the main thing to belong to a particular Church; the latter lays all the stress on maintaining certain doctrines. The true Christian of the one is a sort of kerb-stone, warning off trespassers; and the true Christian of the other is a denominational flag-staff displaying a specific testimony, or a theological lantern holding on high a certain light or doctrine. But the Christian of the Bible, if he be all this, is also a great deal more. By believing what God reveals, he becomes what God desires—a holy, devout, beneficent presence in society; a sick world's healer; a sad world's comforter; a sympathizer and a fellow-worker with the supreme Beneficence. Remembering

"That, throned above all hight, He condescends
To call the few that trust in him his friends;
That, in the heaven of heavens, its space he deems
Too scanty for the exertion of his beams,
And shines as if impatient to bestow
Life and a kingdom upon worms below;
Like him the soul, thus kindled from above,
Spreads wide her arms of universal love;
And, still enlarged as she receives the grace,
Includes creation in her close embrace."

In other words, important as are soundness in the faith and steadfastness of principle, these are but the roots and stem from which spring love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness; and it is hardly uncharitable to doubt if this religion be Divine which does not visit the fatherless and afflicted, as well as keep itself unspotted from the world. Not that we disparage Church order or systematic theology, but that we deem vital Christianity a great deal more than either. It is the life of God in the soul; it is a transfusion into the disciple of the mind of the Master; it is a ray of Divine gladness kindling a human heart, converting it into a living sacrifice, and filling all the circle with such a fragrance, glow, and brightness, as can only be created by fire from heaven.

When a man is thus possessed and animated, it becomes his propensity—a necessity of the divine and diffusive nature within him—to "scatter." To do good and to communicate are his purest delight, his favorite

and familiar employment. To the hungry he draws forth his soul, and from his relaxing grasp his abundance drops in alms-deeds on the indigent and in alleviations on the surrounding misery. His pleasant words are a healing elixir to the chafed ear of mortified hope or disappointed affection; and even in a case where grief is so great that, like Job's friends, he is constrained to be silent, there is a soothing charm in his presence, and, refracted through his glistening eye, there steals a ray of comfort into the very soul of sorrow. Moved with compassion for the multitude, he performs a good shepherd's part to some of those sheep he finds in the wilderness; and with loving contrivance, through the alluring book, or the affectionate letter, or the fervid outpouring of some solemn interview, he longs and labors to lead souls to the Savior. And betwixt his radiant smiles and cordial recognitions, his obliging services and friendly offices, his gifts and intercessions, his provident care for his own house, and his far-stretching care for the heathen, it would be hard to tell how much he does to augment the sum of human happiness, and diminish human misery. Losing none of its stateliness or strength, in such a man the religion of Jesus puts forth its beauty. No mere sectarian kerb-stone, he rather resembles a tree in an avenue, whose soft shade and mellifluous murmur at once mark the path and refresh the passenger; while a Church composed of such members does not suggest lamp-posts all in a row, iron and coldly orthodox, but rather reminds you of an orchard on an autumnal evening fete, where tinted lights gleam forth from every leafy canopy, and mellow apples are handed down by every laden bough, where every trunk is a living pillar, and holy love the banner over all.

The believer in Jesus is the universal benefactor, and it is by such free giving of his free receivings that he not only enriches the world, but that he obtains grace for grace, and augments the strength, the beauty, and the happiness of his own soul. By such scattering he increases.

What we are about to state is not urged so much as a direct motive to Christian love and liberality. Even as a motive it is legitimate, but with a real Christian there are motives of stronger force, and more constant operation. We rather invite attention to that admirable law in the Divine economy which renders good done to the community a gain to the doer; and which, even when the actuating motive is altogether unselfish, makes the result so rich in personal blessing. And surely it is a striking testimony to the Divine benevolence, that God has so arranged the world that every generous impulse does as much for the giver as the receiver, while a man is never so happy as when wholly intent on the happiness of others.

Reading over the printed but unpublished memorial of a dear friend, whose face we never saw in the flesh, but who gave tens of thousands to colleges, hospitals, and various charities, we found several entries like the following: "January 1, 1849. I adopted the practice ten years ago of expending my income. My outgoes since the 1st of January, 1842, have been upward of four hundred thousand dollars; and my property on the first of this year is as great as on January 1, 1842. The more I give, the more I have." Again: "January 1, 1852. The outgoes for all objects since January 1, 1842—ten years—have been six hundred and four thousand dollars, more than five-sixths of which have been applied in making other people happy." Here is an example of reproductive

profusion—"The more I give, the more I get;" scattering, yet increasing. And, along with the increase of substance, what is still rarer and more precious, the increase of personal felicity. Instead of scattering, had he concentrated all this outlay on himself, had he spent the half million on dainty viands and costly wines, on sumptuous furniture and glittering vehicles, he would have done no more than many do, on whose careworn, dissatisfied countenances God has inscribed the curse of self-idolatry; but by spending it in an effort to make other people happy, Amos Lawrence extended the sphere of his enjoyment as wide as the objects of his philanthropy, and in his shining face he habitually showed that God had given him the blessedness of a man for whom many prayed and whom he himself greatly loved.

So essential to the truest enjoyment is a generous disposition, that we can not refrain from quoting the words of one whose kind deeds were almost as numerous as his brilliant sayings, and who gives the following "Receipt for making every day happy." "When you rise in the morning form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving; trifles in themselves, light as air, will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum look at the result; you send one person, only one, happily through the day; that is, three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year; and supposing you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,000 human beings happy—at all events for a time. Now, worthy reader, is not this simple? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, and too easily accomplished for you to say, 'I would if I could.'"

What Sydney Smith recommends was the practice of Cotton Mather, two hundred years ago. Few men have ever condensed into the narrow limits of human existence so much substantial service to their fellow-creatures as that good man, whose name is still a household word in New England homes. And it would appear that it was his custom every morning when he awoke to consider these three things—What is there I can this day do for the welfare of my family? What is there I can do in the service of my neighbor? What is there I can do for the glory of God?

Reader, are you not so happy as you would like to be? Then learn to be unselfish. If your acquaintances, or even your relations, are not all you could wish them, make a little more effort to render yourself agreeable or useful to them, and you will be surprised to find how much they improve, and how remarkably you and they deepen into one another's affection. If you have hitherto been spending all your income on yourself, and are no whit the happier; if every stick and straw you carry home for the improvement of your own nest, and still do not find it comfortable, try the scattering system; go to the help of others, and you will make the delightful discovery that the wealth which was too small for one, is ample when dispersed over many; that the best way to make your own lot delightful, is to labor for the good of your brother. You who complain that you can not find the consolations of religion—you read, you frequent the sanctuary, you come to the communion, and

yet you can not realize your own interest in the Savior, "why stand you all the day idle?" Go, work in the vineyard; and as you strive to reclaim the vicious, to instruct the ignorant, to guide inquirers to the cross, you will find your views of truth growing clearer, and your heart growing warmer, till at last you shall be unable to deny that Jesus is the Master, and that you are his servant. And you who complain that you have no enlargement in prayer—you try to confess your sins, to pray for your own salvation, to ask the Holy Spirit for yourself, and yet the aspiration will not ascend; the faint petition falls short of heaven. Try to intercede. Think of others. Think of our soldiers on the battlefield. Think of your afflicted neighbor. Think of the prisoners in Papal dungeons. Think of the perishing heathen. And as thus you think you may find that you have risen to that region where prayer is already answered, and that, after becoming inaccessible to habitual egotism, the door of the mercy-seat has been thrown open to brotherly kindness and charity.

No doubt, to render service to another needs self-denial. We can not do at one and the same moment what is easiest for ourselves, and at the same time best for our neighbors; but by doing what is best for him, we do what is, in the long run, best for ourselves. That bushel of corn—the farmer knows very well that he can not use it as bread, and at the same time use it as seed. To eat it at once would be the easiest; but "man shall not live by bread only," and for the sake of next harvest, and all the good things which that harvest may procure, he denies himself, and instead of baking and eating this bushel, hungry as he is, he consigns it to the faithful furrow. Perhaps before that harvest comes, he himself may be "sown" in the sepulcher; but no matter—the harvest will come, and when it arrives, the world, perhaps his own family, will be twenty bushels richer for the one which his forethought and self-denial scattered. This hour of time, you can not spend it at once in recreation and in beneficence. It looks more enjoyable to bestow it on an entertaining book or a country walk; but you might employ it in finding a situation for that poor, fatherless boy, or in visiting that bed-ridden neighbor. And those dollars you can not spend at once on yourself and on others. It would be most natural, and at the first blush it seems most desirable, to get the bust or the picture you so long have been coveting, or to spend them on a festive occasion which you have sometimes been mentally planning. But in that case you can not spend them in charity. You can not buy back his tools and his furniture for this hard-working artisan, who has been laid aside by a twelvemonths' affliction. You can not give the donation you would like to contribute to yonder school or home mission. You can not contribute to the establishing of a neighborhood or society library. But should God incline your heart aright—at the critical moment, should he lead you to think of the future more than of the present—should he inspire you to take for your model the self-renouncing Savior, rather than the self-indulgent epicures around you—you will forego a momentary gratification for the sake of enduring usefulness. And although that may not be your motive, such is God's arrangement. What you have preferred to scatter rather than devour, he will take care that it shall yield increase. He will make it fruitful. The very effort—the self-sacrifice—the devout or philanthropic achievement, he will make a blessing to your own soul. And while he will see to it that those you love are no losers

for such merciful loans, he guarantees the harvest against that day when the salvation of another's soul, or a jewel added to the Redeemer's diadem, will, to the perfected spirit, be a satisfaction unspeakably more exquisite than the remembrance that it once dwelt in a cedar palace, and commanded the plaudits of Christendom.

"RELIGION MAKES MEN GLOOMY."—Who told you so? "My own heart." Your own heart! But have you not read, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked?" And will you believe that heart? "My light-headed and trifling companions." Your companions! But what do they know about it? they never tasted any of its joys or sorrows, and are in utter ignorance of both. Would you ask a blind man his opinion of colors, or a deaf man his opinion of sounds, and form your judgment by their decision? Go you to other sources for your information, ere you pronounce religion gloomy. Go ask those who have felt its power, who know all the joys of sin and many of the joys of religion, and ask them if such has been its influence. Go to Solomon, the wise king of Israel; ask him, "Does religion make men gloomy?" He had drank of every cup of earthly joy that wealth or influence could command. "I gathered me," he says, "also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasures of kings and of the provinces: I gat men-singers and women-singers, and the delights of the sons of men. I was great; and whatsoever mine eyes desired, I kept not from them. I withheld not my heart from joy," Ecclesiastes ii, 8-10.

But was he happy in consequence? "Behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit," verse 11. But when he turned to religion, and her sweet influence came upon his mind, he exclaimed, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace," Proverbs iii, 17.

Religion makes men gloomy! Did it make Paul and Silas gloomy, as they sang praises in the dungeon? Did it make the first martyr, Stephen, gloomy, as he breathed out his soul in peace, and his countenance shone as the face of an angel?

But go higher for your answers. Let heaven and hell be appealed to. Which is the happiest place in the universe—is not heaven? Which is the most miserable place in the universe—is not hell? Which is the most religious? Heaven is the most religious; it is all religion there. Which is the most irreligious? Hell is the most irreligious; there is no religion there. Let the joys of heaven and the agonies of hell, then, give the answer. No! religion never makes men gloomy; but, on the contrary, it has gilded the path of many a tried and afflicted soul through life, and proved the sweetest solace in the hour of death. And the more I feel its influence, and live beneath its power, the nearer I shall come to the joys of heaven, and the light, and love, and bliss that reign around God's throne.

HOW TO READ THE SCRIPTURES.—Pause at every verse of Scripture you choose, and shake as it were every bough of it, that if possible some fruit at least may drop down to you. Should no thought suggest itself immediately to the mind, capable of affording matter for a short ejaculation, yet persevere, and try another and another bough. If your soul really hungers, the Spirit of the Lord will not send you away empty. You shall at length find on one, and that, perhaps, a short verse in Scripture, such an abundance of delicious fruit, that you will gladly seat yourself under its shade, and abide there as under a tree laden with fruit. Will you thus, reader, try to read?

A Paper on Biblical Research.

We have laid aside our usual Editorial Disquisition to give place to the following interesting paper, which will be followed by another of still greater interest.—EDITOR.

HAVE THE ANGELS A HISTORY?

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF.

AMONG the strongest and most universally experienced of all the various desires which animate the mind of man, we find a longing to penetrate the hidden mysteries of creation, and arrive at a clearer understanding of the motives and purposes of the Creator. Strongly as such a longing or desire may smack of that arrogance which assumes equality with the Creator, and little as such an ephemeral as weak man can reasonably expect to understand of the motives of action of an all-wise, all-foreseeing, and all-powerful Creator, the want was doubtless implanted in the heart of man for a wise and beneficent purpose—to impel the spirit, too apt to become absorbed in earthly cares and pleasures, to look upward, above and beyond the range of its selfish and terrestrial interests—to move it to approach nearer to its God, its Creator, Preserver, and Hope. Savage and civilized man, the heathen as well as the Christian, has felt this irrepressible longing. The savage has been content to satisfy it with the traditions handed down from father to son, from generation to generation, in his nation or tribe. The heathen philosopher piled theory on theory, speculation on speculation, while the heathen priesthood exercised all their powers of invention, to produce mythical explanations satisfactory to the minds of their devotees. The Christian alone is blessed with an inspired, and, therefore, authentic, account of the creation, and of its purposes, so far as those purposes concern the human race. In the word of God, and there alone, can we find the facts upon which, as upon a sure foundation, we may rest the lever of our inquiries, in the endeavor to lift aside a portion of the vail which has been thrown about these mysteries in consequence of the fallen condition of our race. It is by the aid of the lights of revelation only that we can succeed in penetrating into the hidden things of the past, present, and future. And even here we can only go so far as those lights extend; and when the philosopher, having gathered a start in the book of revealed truth, attempts to advance alone, by the aid of his own light, he soon loses himself in a wilderness of speculative doubt, from which there is no path to extricate him, but the back track to Scripture truth.

The Bible, as the revealed will of the Creator, is entitled at our hands to implicit and unrestrained credit, which no Christian refuses it. Upon the account given us in different parts of its inspired pages of the grand work of creation, we must depend, as containing all the facts accessible to us on the subject. And while coming here for facts for our own purposes, we must bear in mind that whatever stands recorded there was placed there by our Maker for a purpose of his own—that of preparing us for and leading us on the way to salvation. We must ever bear in mind that in order to arrive at a correct understanding of its truths, it is requisite that we be especially careful to view them in their connection with the purposes for which they were intended. A statement made strictly with reference to a particular

object requires to be interpreted in its connection with that object. Taken independently of this connection it may acquire a very different or an entirely opposite meaning. For example, when we read of Joshua commanding the sun and moon to stand still, we may not infer therefrom that the Bible inculcates the doctrine that the sun moves about the earth, any more than we could argue from the particular expression used, that it requires us to believe that the sun actually stood upon Gibeon, or the moon in the valley of Ajalon. We must look to the context then, keeping in mind that the Bible teaches us, not astronomy, or geography, or geology, but true religion; and also that the inspired writers, in their communications of Divine truth, received no supernatural knowledge of purely scientific matters, and in their views of the various phenomena of nature were not at all likely to have advanced beyond their contemporaries. And even had they been, they would still have been necessitated, by the nature and extent of their divine offices, which reach to the humblest and most ignorant, to clothe their inspired ideas in such language as would be intelligible to all. Paul says, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect—thoroughly furnished unto all good works," 2 Timothy.

It is by following out this principle only, then, that the candid inquirer after truth can make the Scriptures available for the purposes of scientific research. As man is to gain from the soil "by the sweat of his brow" his physical nourishment, so, in like manner, is he to provide subsistence for the spirit by laborious investigation, ceaseless struggle and inquiry. When, therefore, the researches of the astronomer and geologist seem to contradict the words of Scripture, let him bear in mind that his discoveries relate to one portion of a subject, while the Bible touches on an entirely different part. And, farther, before he claims to have found a vital contradiction between *his facts* and the Bible, let him be very sure, not only that he interprets rightly the language of Scripture, but that his discoveries are genuine, unmistakable facts, and that he has reasoned correctly and logically from them, and not made up his theory first, and reconciled his discoveries to that. Having observed all these precautions, we apprehend that a candid inquirer, one unprepossessed in favor of any pet theory or speculation, will find but very little to contend with in reconciling the facts of geology and astronomy to the Biblical account of creation and general arrangement of the universe. And when difficulties do occur, a reference to the errors of his predecessors in the same field will make him hesitate ere setting up his wisdom in opposition to Divine truth.

It is on principles such as those laid down above that the author of the work,^{*} to the consideration of a portion of which we propose to devote a little space, attempts to reconcile the latest discoveries of geology and astronomy with the recorded word of God. Our author commences

^{*}The Bible and Astronomy—A Contribution to Biblical Cosmology. Bibel und Astronomie, ein Beitrag zur Biblischen Kosmologie, von Johann Heinrich Kurtz. Berlin. 1852.

with an analysis of the first chapter of Genesis. The account of the creation which is there given he supposes to embrace three periods, and two distinct and separate series of demonstrations of God's creative power. The first of these is included in—Genesis i—the first verse, which he understands to be an account of the creation of the *entire universe*—especially including and more particularly mentioning the earth, because *its* creation is naturally a more important matter to us, its inhabitants, than that of any other one of the heavenly bodies. "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth"—or the entire universe—appears to him not as a kind of heading or index, but a separate account of a distinct work of creation, and one which was much more vast, as calling into being an entire universe, than that which follows. The second period he understands to be described in verse second, where the earth is declared "without form and void," in which condition he supposes it to have been from a period subsequent to the time of the creation, till the commencement of the third period, and second manifestation of creative power, a relation of which is begun at the third verse, and takes up the balance of the chapter.

The limits of our article will not permit us to give here more than a very condensed view of the arguments brought forward in support of this commentary on the Scriptural account of the creation. First comes the consideration that the two paragraphs of the first sentence—the first two verses—are too closely connected by the word "and" to allow us to regard the first as an independent heading, or summary, or index, to the balance of the chapter. Second, the words of the second verse point out the condition of the earth at a period subsequent to the events related in verse 1. It was "without form and void." This is anterior to the occurrence of the events related in the succeeding verses. Thirdly, we find in various portions of Scripture, when reference is made to the work of creation detailed in Genesis i, from verse 3, explicit and positive evidence of the existence of the angels and of the stars previous to the time when the sacred historian tells us the latter, with the sun and moon, were created, on the fourth day. Thus, in Job xxxviii, the Lord questions Job: "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? . . . Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner-stone thereof; when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?" Nothing could possibly be plainer than the meaning here expressed, that the stars, "the morning stars," were in existence, and even *inhabited*—by the "sons of God," or angels—before that creation of the earth, an account of which we have in the latter portion of the first chapter of Genesis. Have we not here, and in other places, at least strong circumstantial evidence of the correctness of the supposition that there was a creation—of the universe—prior to the six days' work, in the fact that we do not, in that circumstantial relation of God's creative work, find any mention made of the creation of angels, while it is certain that they were in existence, and, being so, had their habitations somewhere in the universe? The passage in Job made mention of above plainly proves that good angels existed prior to, and *assisted* by their praises at the six days' work; and the history of the temptation and fall prove conclusively the existence at that time already of a bad angel—one who had been in existence long enough to fall from his high estate in heaven. For we can not suppose for a moment that God

would create an evil principle. The angels being in existence, we come to look for their abodes, and here the passage in Job xxxviii comes to our assistance. The expression, "the morning stars sang together," standing in the connection it does with the succeeding clause, "and the sons of God shouted for joy," can not be regarded as a mere hyperbole or poetical license. Looking at the connection in which it stands, and judging the whole sentence by the ordinary rules of metaphor in use among oriental nations, we do not fail to find the implied sense of the sentence to be that the "sons of God"—that is, the angels—were the inhabitants of the "morning stars." And what are the morning stars? Plainly the stars which stud the entire firmament of heaven: "*morning stars*" because appearing first after the deep darkness of chaos, and presaging the first dawn of the creation of the earth.

The words used in verse 2 to describe the condition of the earth, "without form and void," "*tohu va bohu*" in the original Hebrew, are found in three other places in the Scripture, in each of which they are used to represent a state of confusion, ruin, or disorder, consequent upon some great convulsion or disaster, and succeeding a condition of order and life, in contradistinction to a chaotic state, natural to a body yet in an embryotic or unfinished condition. There is, however, no positive proof that the expression, "*tohu va bohu*," is not, like its English equivalent, used in both or either of the above senses. As far, however, as we understand the nature of the Creator from his works, we have no reason to suppose that he would turn any thing from his hands in an imperfect condition, such as the earth is described to be in verse 2. On the contrary, wherever we have accounts of the manifestations of his creative powers, we find invariably that his works spring at once from his hand, perfect in all their functions—not, be it understood, perfect in the sense which would bar all further progress, but having within them the germs of a higher perfection, and *perfectly* prepared to bring those germs into immediate use. Thus we find in each of the six days' works, that whatever was called into being by the Creator was from the first fully prepared for the use for which his divine will intended it. Shall we make of the earth alone an exception to such a rule, which appears to prevail throughout all the creation of God? But we come to a more extended consideration of this portion of the subject farther on.

In considering upon the third period—Genesis i, from verse 3 to the end of the chapter—our author sees a good reason why the account of the work of creation there given should be *literally* interpreted, either as to the time occupied in the work, or as to the work itself. While the account of the primary creation of the universe—verse 1—and of the condition of the earth at some subsequent period—verse 2—evidently have the shape of a relation of facts not seen by the sacred historian himself, but recorded by him from hearing or impression, inspiration taking one of those shapes on that occasion, the style of description used in the succeeding verses, on the contrary, leads our author to the conclusion that that portion of the inspired history was communicated to Moses in a series of *visions*, each presenting to his view a special and distinct portion of the great work of creation, and the vision, and the succeeding interval of darkness before the occurrence of another vision, including a certain space of time. Each vision being complete in itself, the darkness preceding it, and

the light existing throughout its duration, were naturally likened in the mind of the sacred writer to "a day," whereof "the evening and the morning" were the original chaotic darkness, and the succeeding light. Taking this interpretation of the Mosaic account of the creation, we can not assign any definite portion of time to the fulfillment of this portion of the labors of the Creator. In each of the tableaux presented to the eye of the inspired seer he beheld the beginning and completion of one portion of the work of creation. His attention was called to the matter and manner of the creation, not to its duration. And we are not compelled in this single instance to take the term "day" in its literal signification, when we find it so often used by the prophets, and under circumstances not altogether dissimilar, to signify various periods of time, more or less extensive.

It is by the train of reasoning which we have here sketched that our author is led to believe: First, that there was a primary creation of the entire universe, including our planet, the sun, moon, and stars. An account of this portion of the creation he finds in Genesis i, 1. Secondly, that by some convulsion, spiritual and physical, of which we have no account, the surface of our planet was transformed from the perfect state in which it emanated from the hands of the Creator into a condition which is described in verse 2, as "without form and void." And, thirdly, that subsequent to this the Creator changed the chaotic condition of the earth, to one more regular and suitable to the various conditions of animal life—an act certainly of creation, not of restoration, because preparing it for the development of a new phase of life, entirely different from any previously called forth—and then farther manifested his power in the creation of vegetable and animal life, and finally of man, to inhabit the earth and rule over all in it.

Having, by this interpretation of the Scriptural account of the creation, opened the way for its reconciliation with all the acknowledged facts elicited by the discoveries of astronomers and geologists, our author is led to search the Scriptures for farther traces of the history of those beings, the angels, whose existence, previous to the creation of man, we find so plainly asserted in the thirty-eighth chapter of Job. "For data for an inquisition of this kind," says he, "we must depend entirely upon the Bible. And although we may not hope to find there any connected history of this race—as being not pertinent to the purposes for which Scripture is given us—we shall endeavor to gather from the fragments which we meet here and there through the Bible such an understanding of their nature, their aims, and their connection with and influence upon our race, as well as the points of difference between the two, and different relations in which we stand toward our mutual God, as will, perhaps, help us to a better understanding of the great purposes of the Creator."

First, as to their existence previous to the creation of man. Of this we have evidence in the passage—Job xxxviii—previously quoted, as well as in the fact that the fall of man was brought about by an angel, who had already completed so much of his history or career as to have fallen from his first state. We can not suppose that the Creator of all gave life to an evil being. If we find such in existence, we must suppose that they have fallen from the station in which they were originally placed by the Creator.

There can be no doubt as to what species of creatures

are meant in Job xxxviii, by "sons of God." The angels are called "sons of God" in many places in the Bible, as in Job i, 6; ii, 1; Psalm xxix, 1; lxxxix, 7; Daniel iii, 2, 5.

All created spirit needs both time and place wherein to bring into full use and exercise its life and liberty of action. It stands in need of a place which shall, on the one hand, lend to it a certain consistence, and, on the other, serve it as a place of residence and trial, where to bring out and fully develop its powers. We look, therefore, for a place of residence for the angels, and find it pointed out in the passage of Job before mentioned. The "morning stars" which—or whose inhabitants—sang together were doubtless the habitations of angels. "The heavens," which it is said—Psalm xix—"declare the glory of God," are composed of these stars. And we see, therefore, how these stars were existent before the six days' works—how the heavens which is mentioned in the account of the latter can not be identical with that created "in the beginning." But where was the habitation of the angels who fell from their first estate? As the habitations of the good angels were—and, not having changed their nature, may be reasonably supposed still to be—the stars, so we must suppose the fallen angels to have inhabited one of these spheres. We find in Scripture that when the angels fell they were deprived of their original dignity. This we find written in the general epistle of Jude, the sixth verse, where they are spoken of as "the angels which kept not their first estate, [or principality,] but left their own habitations."

As the earth, at the fall of Adam, fell with him under the curse of sin, so it is reasonable to suppose that the abode of the fallen spirits, after their banishment from it, and by the influence of their sin, became a dreary waste, and in the struggle of its inhabitants against omnipotence probably sustained some terrible convulsion, which would make applicable to it the expression "without form." Void it naturally became upon the expulsion of those who had been appointed by God its guardians.

Look we about now for evidence of such a state of things, and we find precisely such a description given in Genesis i, 2, of the earth. We have here at hand, then, a cause, and an effect—the one a destroyer, the other a thing destroyed or ruined, fitting so closely to one another, that where no obstacle interposes to such a conclusion, but rather every thing favors it, we do not go too far when we admit the connection, and acknowledge the "tohu va bohu" of Genesis i, 2, as a natural consequence of the fall of angels, upon a sphere which had served them as a residence, and with which they stood in so intimate connection.

We have reason to believe, then, that the stars were designed by God for places of residence and trial for the angelic hosts; that, as only a portion of the angels have fallen, those who still remain true to God still inhabit the stars—the heavens; that, as the angels were in existence and inhabiting the "morning stars," the heavens, prior to the creation of man, this heaven of stars must be entirely distinct from that which we read was created on the fourth day: that is to say, the stars which were created "in the beginning" were on the fourth day simply brought into that connection with the earth in which they now are. We have now found an earth, which, created "in the beginning," is something entirely different from that which appeared above the waters on

the third. And we have a "heaven" which, dating from the beginning, was used for its original purposes before God divided the waters, and made the terrestrial "heaven" to separate the waters above from the waters below.

Having ascertained the probable residence of the angels, the next object which strikes our attention in considering upon their being is this, that they partake of the nature of free, self-conscious, and individually responsible spirits. This arises necessarily out of their condition as intelligent creatures. For we take it to be impossible that any intelligent, reasoning creature can stand in any other relation to his Creator than that of personal responsibility to him for all his acts. As creatures of this kind they did not emanate from the creating Hand in that perfect state to which, in the goodness of the Creator, they were permitted to aspire, and to which they might attain. They were not from the first placed upon the highest step of development of which their nature was capable, but could only attain this after struggles and trials, and by a free, unshackled expression of their will. God, in his justice, demands no compulsory service of any of his creatures. As a God of justice and mercy, he gives them free choice, and on their own determination must rest their future. Thus he placed within the angels the necessary germs for that higher stage of development to which, in his divine goodness, he desired them to be raised. But there he rested, and left the final decision to themselves. With the angels, as with Adam, the possibility of a fall existed.

Another fact, having a most important bearing upon the nature, and, consequently, upon the history of angels, is this, that they were created sexless. Aside from the fact

that this lack of sex is apparent throughout the Biblical view of their condition, we are explicitly taught by our Savior—Matthew xxii, 30—that "in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven." The important bearing of this peculiarity upon the history of the angels can scarcely be realized at first view. As a more immediate consequence of such a state, it is evident that the angels must have been created in their original numbers from the first; that each individual must emanate directly from the hand of God, and sees in himself a living manifestation of the power and goodness of the Creator. It is plain, too, that all the various effects of this one cause, all the different interests, hopes and fears, happiness and unhappiness, the motives to and causes of action, which take so prominent a place in the history of our race, must be to them totally strange. The bond which unites them, and sways a certain influence over their course, can not be, like that which binds our race together, a successive one, arising from the unity of the race, the blood relationship which exists between all the sons and daughters of Adam. The bond which binds them, and unites them into one race, can arise only from the homogeneity of their powers, of their aims, of their nature. This condition became of especial importance in the history of their race from the fact, that in consequence of it each individual was made entirely independent of all the rest, and the fall of one or more of their number did not by any means, as with our race, involve the fall and condemnation of the rest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

BRITISH WESLEYANISM.—The general summary of all the missions under the direction of the Wesleyan Missionary Committee and British conference, in Europe, India, China, Australia, Polynesia, South and West Africa, British America, and the West Indies, was as follows:

Central or principal stations, called circuits.....	377
Chapels and other preaching-places.....	377
Ministers and assistant missionaries.....	538
Other paid agents, as catechists, interpreters, etc.....	798
Unpaid agents, as Sabbath school teachers, etc.....	8,913
Full and accredited Church members.....	111,557
On trial for Church membership.....	6,478
Scholars.....	84,076
Printing establishments.....	8

AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION.—The receipts of this Society, according to its Forty-first Annual Report, were \$114,907.58, and the expenditures \$145,528.31. There are under its direction 22 missions, 84 stations, and 574 out-stations, 406 of which are in Germany, connected with which are 57 missionaries, 63 female assistants, and 237 native pastors and preachers; 3 missionaries and 3 female assistants have joined the missions, 3 missionaries and 2 female assistants have retired from the service, and 5 missionaries and 2 female assistants have died. There are 218 Churches, to which 2,910 have been added by baptism, making the whole number of members 17,548; there are 107 schools and 2,500 pupils.

A GOOD YEAR'S WORK.—The income of the British and Foreign Bible Society the last year was \$625,000,

being \$40,000 more than that of any previous year. The Society has been the means of issuing nearly 29,000,000 copies of the Scriptures in 170 different languages.

CONNECTICUT SCHOOL FUND.—The school fund of the state of Connecticut, on the first day of April last, amounted to \$2,049,953; and the income therefrom during the past year was \$156,248. This sum was divided among 100,000 children. Independent of this school fund, the state owns \$400,000 of bank stock, and is free from debt.

OLD SCHOOL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES.—In all the theological seminaries connected with the Old School Presbyterian Church, the number of students is 283; if of these one-third, or 94, leave at the close of each year, it will exceed the number of ministerial removals by death only one and a half per cent., or 87; but the population of the country increases at the rate of three and a half per cent., and to maintain the ratio between the ministers and the population, the increase ought to be at least 87.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—This ecclesiastical body is but about fifty years old. In 1822 it had but 46 ordained ministers; in 1850 it had 1,000 such ministers, and 800 licentiates, and 100,000 communicants. It has 10 colleges for young men, and 2 for young ladies. Besides these, it has 2 theological schools and 10 academies or seminaries, with 60 instructors, 1,994 students,

and 56 theological students; property amounting to \$86,700, and endowments worth \$126,000. All this, for a denomination that separated from the original Presbyterian Church because too much learning was required for the ministry, as it is understood, argues well for the good sense and hidden wisdom of the body.

BAPTISTS IN NORTH AMERICA.—The following table shows the number of Baptist churches and Baptist Church members in North America:

	Churches.	Members.
Alabama.....	614.....	46,162
Arkansas.....	164.....	5,859
Connecticut.....	111.....	16,907
Georgia.....	903.....	72,516
Illinois.....	438.....	24,058
Indiana.....	498.....	24,682
Iowa.....	90.....	3,533
Kentucky.....	833.....	73,373
Maine.....	299.....	19,355
Massachusetts.....	268.....	31,854
Michigan.....	117.....	9,691
Mississippi.....	529.....	35,644
Missouri.....	534.....	31,358
New Jersey.....	107.....	14,074
New York.....	628.....	57,754
North Carolina.....	635.....	47,755
Ohio.....	439.....	24,958
Pennsylvania.....	343.....	34,105
South Carolina.....	446.....	49,119
Tennessee.....	567.....	40,334
Virginia.....	642.....	92,428

The states of Louisiana, Maryland, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Vermont, Wisconsin, Texas, and the territories foot up a membership of over 56,000, and a list of about 1,000 churches, making the grand total of regular Baptists in the United States about 842,660, and 10,488 churches. Add the number in the British provinces and the West Indies, the number of regular Baptists is in

	Churches.	Members.
North America.....	10,933.....	903,110
Anti-Mission Baptists.....	1,720.....	58,000
Freewill Baptists.....	1,173.....	49,509
General Baptists.....	17.....	2,189
Seventh-Day Baptists.....	71.....	6,351
Church of God.....	274.....	13,500
Disciples.....	175,000
Tunkers.....	150.....	5,000
Mennonites.....	300.....	36,000
Grand total.....	14,638.....	1,261,059

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.—The following table shows the conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and the number of members in each for the year 1854-5:

Kentucky.....	24,618
Louisville.....	24,982
Missouri.....	15,582
St. Louis.....	16,968
Tennessee.....	41,879
Holston.....	44,252
Memphis.....	38,438
Mississippi.....	26,116
Louisiana.....	11,761
Virginia.....	39,592
Western Virginia.....	7,315
North Carolina.....	42,613
Georgia.....	73,590
South Carolina.....	80,258
Alabama.....	59,684
Florida.....	11,136
Texas.....	8,448
Eastern Texas.....	11,824
Arkansas.....	10,150
Wachita.....	9,487
Pacific.....	886
Indian Mission.....	3,734

The total number of effective traveling preachers is 1,942, of superannuated 150, and of local preachers 4,359. The total number of white members is 428,511, of colored members 164,584, and of Indians 3,757; showing a grand total of 603,308, or an increase of 23,992 over the numbers of last year. There was a decrease in the Indian

Mission of 44, and in the Kentucky conference of 170; in all the other conferences there was a handsome increase. At the time of the secession of the Church South in 1845, their membership was about 483,000, showing an increase since then of 120,000.

NEW YORK CITY CHURCHES.—In the city of New York there are 29 Baptist churches, numbering 8,383 communicants; 8 Congregational churches, with 1,050 communicants; 23 Dutch Reformed churches, with 4,866 communicants; 5 Lutheran churches, with 3,048 communicants; 35 Methodist Episcopal churches, with 8,452 communicants; 48 Presbyterian churches, with 13,947 communicants; and 48 Protestant Episcopal churches, with 8,160 communicants. This makes an aggregate of 196 churches, when there should be at least 300, if a place of religious worship were provided for all the inhabitants.

NEW METHODIST DOCTORS.—The following Methodist preachers have received the honorary D. D. at the late college Commencements; namely, Rev. Schuyler Seager, of the Genesee conference, from the Centenary College, Miss.; Rev. J. H. Perry, of the New York East conference, and Rev. W. H. Rule, of the British Wesleyan conference, and one of the editors of the London Watchman, from Dickinson College; Rev. Edward Cook, of the Wisconsin conference, and President of Lawrence University, from Harvard University; Rev. L. D. McCabe, Professor of Mathematics of the Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, O., from Alleghany College, Meadville, Penn.; Rev. J. G. Blair, of the Ohio University, from M'Kendree College, Lebanon, Ill.; Rev. E. E. Wiley, President of Emory and Henry College, from Genesee College; and Rev. D. R. M'Anally, editor of the St. Louis Christian Advocate, from Emory and Henry College.

COLLEGES.—The Commencement exercises of the Ohio Wesleyan University took place June 13th. Number of graduates, 12; whole number of students in attendance for the year, 511. President, Rev. E. Thomson, D. D.

Genesee College Commencement took place June 23th, but we have no account of the number of students or graduates. The institution, under the Presidency of Rev. J. Cummings, D. D., is succeeding nobly.

Dickinson College Commencement exercises July 12th; graduated 23 young men. President, Rev. C. Collins, D. D. The institution is in a most flourishing condition.

Indiana Asbury University had its Commencement July 19th. Graduates, 8; whole number of students for the year, 337. Rev. Daniel Curry, D. D., President.

Alleghany College Commencement June 27th. Graduates, 21. Rev. J. Barker, D. D., President.

M'Kendree College had no graduates this year. President, Rev. Peter Akers, D. D.

Ohio University, Athens—Commencement August 1st. Graduates in regular course, 2; scientific department, 2. Rev. S. Howard, D. D., President.

Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.—Commencement August 1st. Graduates, 28. Rev. Augustus W. Smith, LL. D., President.

OHIO WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE.—Rev. C. D. Burritt, A. M., of the Oneida conference, was elected President of the Ohio Wesleyan Female College, Delaware, O., in the latter part of July, and entered upon the duties of his office August 9th.

IOWA WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.—Rev. L. W. Berry, D. D., President. Number of students, 254. Location, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

LIFE AND TIMES OF BISHOP HEDDING, D. D., late Senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By Rev. D. W. Clark, D. D. With an Introduction by Rev. Bishop E. S. Janes. New York: Carlton & Phillips.—Such is the title of a work recently issued from the Book Concern in New York, and which is now on sale at the Methodist bookstores generally. It can also be obtained through any Methodist preacher. We doubt whether a finer specimen of typography was ever issued from the Concern—large type, well leaded, fine paper, and beautiful margins make a page grateful to the eye. It makes a volume of six hundred and eighty-six pages. The Agents have published a large 12mo., and also an octavo edition of the work; the former at \$1.50, the latter at \$2. The latter is a somewhat formidable, but really a splendid book. It is probably the cheapest edition, compared with the expense of getting up.

It is not in place for us to speak of its literary character. We are too nearly related to it. But we must take the liberty to say a few things about it. Bishop Janes, it is well known, was, in the will of Bishop Hedding, constituted his biographer, with power to choose a substitute. His episcopal duties rendered it impossible for him to perform the work, and, after consulting with his colleagues, the writer was appointed to write the book.

No literary labor could have been more congenial with his feelings, yet he entered upon his work with many misgivings. First of all, he was fearful he should not be able to do justice to his exalted subject, or to meet the expectations of the Church. Then he was aware of the great labor necessary to gather the materials for such a volume and work them up into one homogeneous production. This labor he found he had not overrated; for though much had been done in this respect by Rev. M. L. Scudder and others—for which they deserve the thanks of the Church—much more remained to be done; and the author was compelled to wade through old volumes and old files of magazines and newspapers almost without number; also through piles of letters, papers, documents, etc.; gathering one fact of history here and another there.

The work was one of no little delicacy as well as labor. Bishop Hedding had passed through and been a prominent actor—that is, made prominent by his official position—in many of the stirring events and controversies in the Church during the past fifty years. The author could not do otherwise than become a commentator upon those events. This often involved personal allusions to the dead as well as the living; it also involved the necessity of presenting controverted points in a light that will not be acceptable to many. In all these matters he has endeavored to study carefully the facts of history; and so well satisfied is he that what he has set forth in each case has a solid foundation in fact, and that his comments are legitimate and truthful, that he has not much fear of their being controverted. Errors there are undoubtedly in the book, mistakes of judgment. It shall be the author's work hereafter to correct them, should any such come to light.

While we decline making any comment upon the lit-

erary character of the work, it is proper our readers should know the estimate placed upon it by the press. We therefore subjoin the first paragraph of an extended editorial notice in the Commercial Advertiser, of New York city:

"Those who loved and venerated Bishop Hedding may well congratulate themselves that the interesting records of his life and ministry have been intrusted to so judicious a biographer. Dr. Clark has executed his task with most admirable judgment, and yet with that warm and genial affection for his subject, without which the biographer is apt to degenerate into the cold critic and passionless essayist. Bishop Hedding was a 'representative man;' the type of a class for the full development of whose capabilities, mental and physical, if Methodism was not necessary, it at least supplied peculiar facilities; and upon this idea Dr. Clark has acted in the work before us. The book is just what its title implies, and upon no other plan could the strong points in Bishop Hedding's character have been harmoniously developed. The 'times' in which he lived are part of his 'life.' The latter could not have been rightly estimated or rightly depicted apart from the former. The Bishop kept pace with the times in every respect, making his mark upon them as indelibly as they made their impress upon him. And it is impossible to read the felicitous blending of autobiographical sketches with contemporaneous Methodistic history which Dr. Clark has supplied, without recognizing in the subject of the memoir an instrumentality specially adapted to the marvelous work on which it was employed. The noble introduction, from the pen of one of Bishop Hedding's survivors in the Episcopacy of the Methodist Church, adds largely to the intrinsic value of the volume. A remark often applied to Boswell's Life of Johnson, and also strikingly true of the published 'Journal' of the founder of Methodism, that they have the engrossing interest of the most skillful fiction, will apply to this volume."

WHICH: RIGHT OR LEFT? is the quaint title of a book that has attracted no little attention. The publishers are Garrett & Co., New York, and the work is a good-sized 12mo. of five hundred and thirty-six pages. It has been highly commended by the religious as well as secular press. We have read it; and we must confess to an instinctive repugnance to it, as to something impure. It smacks of Solon Robinson and his Five Points fictions. Its author gloats in the delineation of those sham professors who dishonor Christ and religion, and shows himself more *au fait* in the delineation of sham than of true religion. He takes such evident pleasure in exposing the hollowness and hypocrisy of worldly and fashionable professors, that one can not help suspecting he was not profoundly grieved at the existence of those evils. We doubt whether the influence of the book will be healthy. For sale by Moore, Wiltach, Keys & Co., Cincinnati.

REV. ROBERT NEWTON is almost as widely known in this country as in England. Mr. Jackson has made an excellent biography, and the republication of it will be welcomed by thousands on this side of the Atlantic. It makes a 12mo. of four hundred and twenty-seven pages.

We intend to glean some of its gems hereafter for our readers.

PREACHING REQUIRED BY THE TIMES. *By Abel Stevens. With an Introduction by Dr. Bond. New York: Carlton & Phillips. 1855. 12mo. 266 pp.*—We always had a feeling bordering on contempt for "manuals" on preaching; and it does us good to see with what right hearty good will our brother of the quill whacks away at them. As to models of effective preaching, we could never conceive of any more glorious than those furnished by the mighty men of God who illustrated the heroic age of Methodism. Could we bring back their spirit, fire, and power, the mighty energies of aggressive Methodism would overrun the globe. We are glad these stirring essays have been put into their present permanent form;

for we believe they will do good. No minister of Christ can read them without receiving benefit.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE annual Catalogue of the OTTERBEIN UNIVERSITY, at Westerville, O., presents a summary of 5 professors and 144 students. Rev. Lewis Davis is President.

WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE, at Wilmington, Del.—President, Rev. George Loomis, A. M., assisted by 13 teachers. Students—in the collegiate department, 188; in the primary, 69: total, 257.

OAKLAND FEMALE SEMINARY, at Hillsboro, O.—Principal, Rev. Joseph M'D. Mathews, A. M., assisted by 3 teachers. Number of students, 73.

Notes and Queries.

A NOTE TO NOTE AND QUERY WRITERS.—In some instances we have several solutions of the same query; in such cases we take the first received when they are equally to the point. Those who contribute to this department will do well to compress their notes into the briefest possible space. Querists, too, should put their queries direct, and without any circumlocution, beyond what may be necessary to the full expression of the question. After these preliminaries, we invite the curious and the inquiring to aid us in enriching and giving variety to this department.

AUTHOR VS. AUTHORESS.—"Mr. Editor,—I perceive you apply the word *author* instead of *authoress* to female writers. Will you allow me to inquire what shall govern us in such matters; is there any principle involved, or is each one to be governed by his own taste?"

The Editor is governed in the matter by this simple principle; namely, that what is merely intellectual and spiritual can not properly be characterized by gender. Some use the term *authoress*, *poetess*, etc.; but, so far as we can see, we might as well say *Christianess*, *saintess*, etc.

APPEALING FROM PHILIP DRUNK TO PHILIP SOBER.—The origin of this phrase, according to the English Querist, was on this wise: Philip of Macedon, when under the effects of wine, unjustly condemned a woman, who appealed from his judgment. "To whom, then, do you appeal?" said the enraged King. "From Philip," she replied, "drunk and slumbering, to Philip sober and wakeful."

SPACE REQUIRED FOR THE BURIED POPULATION OF THE EARTH.—"Mr. Editor,—We often hear it stated that there is not a foot of earth on the globe that has not served as the burial-place of man; and also that were all the dead raised to life, the earth would not afford them room to stand upon. Is there any foundation for such assertions?"

None at all. Look at the facts. The population of the earth now does not exceed 1,000,000,000, and three generations pass away each century. This would give, without making any allowance for the greater longevity of the race in the earlier ages, one hundred and seventy-six generations that have passed away. This, at the present population, would make 176,000,000,000. But as the race increased from a single pair, and, therefore, presents an ascending series, we may take one-half as the aggregate.

This would give us 88,000,000,000 as the grand aggregate of the dead.

On the supposition that one-half of the race die in infancy, it has been usual to allow an average of three square feet for the occupancy of each individual. This would give us 264,000,000,000 square feet of earth occupied by the dead. Reducing this to square miles, it gives us an aggregate of 9,469 square miles. The area of New Hampshire is 9,500 square miles; so were it turned into one vast graveyard, the entire buried population of the earth might be deposited side by side in the inclosure.

These data also show the absurdity of the assumption, that were the dead raised to life the earth would not afford room for them to stand upon.

A CURIOUS INSCRIPTION.—"Dear Doctor,—As you publish in the Ladies' Repository "Notes," I submit the following, which I do not recollect ever having seen in print. It is said to have been inscribed over the altar of an old church in England under a copy of the ten commandments. After remaining nearly a century, its meaning was discovered. By the addition of one vowel it becomes a couplet, and rhymes:

PRSVR. Y. PRFCT MN.
VR. KP. THS. PROPTS. TN.

The solution is as follows:

"Persevere, ye perfect men,
Ever keep these precepts ten."

Yours, etc.,

THE THUGS OF INDIA.—Another Note.—"Mr. Editor,—I can't receive your definition of Thugs unless I repudiate all the authorities I have seen. They may be incorrect, however. In M'Kay's Popular Delusions there is a long description of these marauders, giving as authorities Dr. Sherwood's treatise and Sleeman's "Ramasecana, or vocabulary of the peculiar language of the Thugs." They are called Thugs, or Thugs, and their profession Thuggee; in south India they are called Phansigars: the former word "deceiver," the latter "strangler." Their profession is hereditary, "and embraces, it is supposed, ten thousand persons trained to murder from their childhood; carrying it on in secret and in silence, yet glorying in it, and holding the practice of it higher than earthly honor." "During the winter months they usually follow some respectable calling to elude suspicion; in

the summer they set out in gangs over all the roads of India to plunder and destroy." The gangs contain from ten to forty, and sometimes two hundred. "*They never cause death by any means but strangling.* If they chance to fall in with an unprotected traveler his fate is certain. One Thug approaches him from behind, and throws the end of a sash around his neck, the other end is seized by a second Thug the same instant, and drawn tightly, while with their other hand the two Thugs thrust his head forward to expedite the strangulation; a third Thug seizes the traveler by the legs, and he is thrown to the ground, a corpse before he reaches it." They sometimes thus strangle a caravan of forty persons. Their profession is one of honor in India; is entered with difficulty; is persevered in, believing thereto they have a special vocation from the goddess Davee. Their code forbids the strangling of women or cripples. More could be said if space permitted. T. M. E.

BEEN VS. BIN, AND SEEN VS. SIN.—ANSWER, WITH SOME NOTES ON OUR ORTHOGRAPHY.—*Mr. Editor*,—In the May number of the Ladies' Repository, I noticed a query, which, so far as I have observed, is yet unanswered. With your permission, I will try and elucidate it. The query is: "If we pronounce *been* as though it was spelled *bin*, why not pronounce *seen* as though it was spelled *sin*?"

Simply because *custom*, which seems to hold almost unlimited authority in this and similar matters, has dictated otherwise.

Here, having answered the query to the best of our ability, we might be expected to drop the subject; but, as a few thoughts suggest themselves just now in this connection, we will write on.

We know that all spoken language is composed of *sounds*—simple sounds, that can not be divided and remain audible. In fact, if a simple sound is divided, it ceases to be a sound. Compound things are divisible, but *simples* are not; and this principle is equally as applicable to sounds as to other things. Every simple sound is capable of a distinct utterance or articulation, entirely independent of and distinct from all other sounds whatever. The union of these separate and distinct simple sounds forms words. Thus, the word *me* is composed, we readily perceive, of *two* simple sounds, uttered in close connection, and either may be uttered *separately*, just as easily as the two *letters* composing the *written* word may be *written* separately. This is the case with all words; every word being capable of separation or resolution into its several distinct simple sounds.

Leaving this, we would call attention to the *use* of *letters*, and ask, for what were they invented? What are they made for? The answer is very evident—to represent *sounds* to the eye. This being the case, may we not suppose that we require as many letters as we have sounds to represent? We think the conclusion perfectly legitimate, that we *ought* to have a fixed and invariable representative for each different sound, and that no one letter should represent *different* sounds. If this were the case—and who will contend for a moment that the position is not perfectly philosophical?—the pronunciation of all words, except in the matter of accentuation, would be a work of the utmost *certainty*. Knowing positively what sounds each letter *always* represented, there could never be the least possible doubt in reference to any word we might see written or printed, and, as a matter of course, we could write any word we might hear spoken correctly and without hesitation.

But, objects one, this principle of "a letter to each

sound," and "but one sound to each letter," if carried out, would overturn the whole system of our present orthography. Very true—if, indeed, we can call our present mode of spelling, with its countless irregularities and defects, a *system*—and should we deplore the destruction of what the learned Dr. Noah Webster himself—a man whom all will acknowledge competent to express an opinion of reliable authority on the subject—has pronounced "*a barbarous orthography*, never learned by a foreigner except from necessity?" Ought we not rather to rejoice for an opportunity to rear a superstructure based upon truth instead of caprice?

Another objector cries out, You would destroy our etymology. We answer, that there is frequently as much etymology in the pronunciation of a word without the orthography, as in the orthography without the pronunciation. But supposing this would actually be the case—that all traces of the derivation of words should be destroyed—we ask, would not the advantages *gained* by the multitude, in the increased facilities afforded for the acquirement of practical knowledge, be more than sufficient to balance the loss sustained by the learned few? Must the mass of mankind grovel in the crooked paths of debasing ignorance to foster the inordinate desires of a few literary antiquarians? Must the Genius of universal education be stifled in the arms of those who should be its supporters and protectors? God forbid! Let any thing which tends to elevate the mind, and more widely disseminate the truths of science among mankind, be hailed with joy, and adopted with enthusiasm! Let D. D.'s and LL. D.'s, A. M.'s and M. D.'s, march boldly to the work, and put shoulder to the wheel in right good earnest; leave their squeamish notions about the destruction of etymology, and set about the education of mankind. They will thus perform a work which is not only benevolent, but highly honorable, and their names will be handed down to posterity as men whose lives were devoted to one of the greatest interests of their fellow-beings—

EDUCATION.

A CURIOUS EPITAPH AND TRANSLATION.—We have somewhere fished up the following curiosity:

EPITAPH.

Si mors mortis morti mortem morte non dedisset, portæ vitæ æternæ semper clauderentur.

TRANSLATION.

If death's Destroyer had not, by dying, given death to death—or made an end of death—the gates of eternal life would have been forever closed.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "FOOLSCAP PAPER."—We find in an exchange the following note upon the name of an article with which we are all familiar:

"It is well known that Charles II. of England, granted numerous monopolies for the support of his government. Among others was the privilege of manufacturing paper. The water-mark of the finest sort was the royal arms of England. The consumption of this article was great at this time, and large fortunes were made by those who had purchased the exclusive right to vend it. This, among other monopolies, was set aside by the Parliament that brought Charles to the scaffold, and, by way of showing their contempt for the King, they ordered the royal arms to be taken from the paper, and a fool, with his cap and bells, to be substituted. It is now more than a hundred and seventy-five years since the fool's-cap and bells were taken from the paper, but still paper of the size which the Rump Parliament ordered for their journals

bears the name of the water-mark then ordered as an indignity to Charles."

SIGNIFICATION OF COLORS.—"The following," says a correspondent of the London Notes and Queries, "which I recently met with in an old commonplace book, may not prove an uninteresting note, particularly as in some parts of the country certain colors have still a proverbial signification—such as *blue*, true; *yellow*, jealous; *green*, forsaken, etc:

Ash colour.....	Repentance.
Black.....	Mournfull.
Blue.....	Truth.
Carnation.....	Desire.
Crimson.....	Cruelty.
Green.....	Hopeful.
Mouse colour.....	Fearful.
Murphy.....	Secret love.
Orange colour.....	Spitefulness.
Purple.....	Nobility.
Sky colour.....	Heavenly.
Tawny.....	Forsaken.
White.....	Innocency.
Willow colour.....	Despaire.
Yellow.....	Jealousie."

NEW ZEALAND SUPERSTITION ABOUT THE MAN IN THE MOON.—In the English "Notes and Queries" we find the following version of a superstition about "the man in the moon" among the New Zealanders. It is in substance as follows:

Before the moon gave light, a New Zealander named Rona went out in the night to fetch some water from

* A dark reddish-brown, called by the heralds *sanguine*.

the well. He stumbled and unfortunately sprained his ankle, and was unable to return home. All at once, as he cried out for very anguish, he beheld with fear and horror that the moon, suddenly becoming visible, descended toward him. He seized hold of a tree, and clung to it for safety; but it gave way, and fell with Rona upon the moon; and he remains there to this day.

According to another version, Rona fell into the well, or was falling, and laid hold upon a tree, which was afterward removed with him to the moon; where, to this day, he is visible. This looks like an antediluvian tradition.

QUERIES.—Deprivation of the Means of Grace.—Dear Sir,—Will you or some of your able correspondents answer the following inquiry: Does a deprivation of the means of grace by circumstances over which we have no control endanger our final salvation? Give us something direct—to the point.

A SUBSCRIBER.

N. B. This question takes the missionary enterprise by the horns.

Variations of Climate in the Same Latitude.—If the opinion be correct, Mr. Editor, that the waters of the Gulf Stream breaking on the coast of Great Britain cause the mildness of the climate there, how will we account for the fact that the climate is much milder on the western than on the eastern part of the North American continent? Will some of your correspondents give a more satisfactory answer to the question?

H. J. H.

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

A WITTY RETORT.—Dr. Bond, editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal, is somewhat celebrated for the keenness of his wit. His son, Dr. T. E. Bond, jun., of Baltimore, seems to be "a chip from the old block." The Baltimore correspondent of the Advocate, having occasion to refer to him, reminds the father of the following witty retort, which is too good to be lost:

"Pardon me, Doctor—some even intimate that he is ahead of his father. He certainly was *once*, when you, he, and several ministers of our conference were dining at Dr. McCulloch's. At that time your son was connected with the Charles-street station. In the course of conversation, said he, 'Father, come up to our church and preach for us.' 'O yes,' you replied, 'you are such great sinners there you need all the preaching you can get.' With sang froid he answered, 'O no, you are mistaken; we can stand bad preaching there better than any where else.'"

A MAINE-LAW ANECDOTE.—A correspondent of the Knickerbocker Magazine some time since got off the following Maine-Law anecdote:

"Just before the passage of the 'Maine Law,' I came out of a little establishment in N., of a dark and rainy evening, behind a very drunken fellow, who 'beat up' the side-walk a couple of rods in advance. Presently he 'missed stays' on the 'starboard tack,' and ran into a tree. He pulled off what was originally intended for a hat, 'teetered' a moment on his toes, and apologized to the jostled individual, with a 'hickup' between every other word:

" 'Schuize me, shir; I 'shure you, sir, 'tirely 'tentional

on my part. Sho dark, shir, I didn't shee you. 'Schuize me, shir, 'schuize me, shir, 'f you please.'

"After which obsequious explanation, and an abortive effort to put on his hat, he essayed to continue on his way; but brought up again on the first lurch against the same tree:

" 'I really beg your pardon, shir; I'm afraid you'll 'spect that I'm 'tossicated; but I 'shure you, shir, I never was more shober in all my life. It's dark and splashy; and really, shir, I 'shposed, shir, you'd gone along!'"

ANOTHER.—The same writer produces another equally to the point:

"A friend of mine returning from the depot a few mornings since, with a bottle of freshly imported 'Maine Law,' saw a lady in advance of him whom he must inevitably join. So, tucking the bottle under his arm, he walked along side. 'Well,' said the young lady, after disposing of 'health' and 'the weather,' 'what is that bundle you are carrying so mysteriously under your arm?'"

" 'O, nothing but a coat which the tailor has just been mending for me.'"

" 'O, it's a coat, is it? Well, you'd better carry it back and get him to sew up one more hole, for it *leaks* now!'"

A CURT LETTER.—The following specimen of curt letter writing is worthy of a place in the next edition of "The Complete Letter-Writer." "A legal friend of mine commenced his professional career in the small neighboring village of W. Among the inhabitants was a tough old subject, a manufacturer of lath. The first sight of

our friend's new 'shingle' brought him to a halt; and having deliberately spelled out the contents, and reflected thereon for a moment, he turned on his heel, *lined* for home, and indited the following to a delinquent customer:

"SIR,—There's a young *lawyer* moved into our place. *Pray for them laaf!*"

"It is unnecessary to add that the 'laaf' were paid for without the young 'lawyer's' assistance."

EATING THE SHOW-BREAD.—Cecil once hearing a person censuring a Churchman for going to hear the Gospel in a meeting—the only place in the village where it then could be heard—he exclaimed, "Did ye never read what David did when he was an hungered, and they that were with him; how he entered into the house of God, and did eat the show-bread, which was not lawful for him to eat, neither for them that were with him, but only for the priests?"

HOW THE DOGMATIST SILENCED ROBERT HALL.—A self-conceited, dogmatical minister, popular, too! one day said to Mr. Jay, "I wonder you think so highly of Mr. Hall's talents. I was some time ago traveling with him into Wales, and we had several disputes, and I more than once soon silenced him." I concluded how the truth was; and, some weeks after, when his name was mentioned, Mr. Hall asked me if I knew him. "I lately traveled with him," said he, "and it was wonderful, sir, how such a baggage of ignorance and confidence could have been squeezed into the vehicle. He disgusted and wearied me with his dogmatism and perverseness, till God was good enough to enable me to go to sleep."

ANECDOTE OF JOHN FOSTER AND WILLIAM JAY.—Mr. Jay says, "I had many opportunities of seeing Mr. Foster, from the time he was a student at Bristol to the period of his death. He was thrice settled near me; namely, at Downend, at Frome, and at Stapleton. His wife had relations in my congregation; and he sometimes passed a Sabbath in Bath; but I could never induce him to preach for me. He declined commonly by saying, with complacency and pleasantry, 'You know neither you nor your people would ever ask me again; I am never desired to preach a second time.'"

ONLY THE BURNING OF A JEW.—Dr. Cogan relates that he was once, when abroad, walking with a young Portuguese lady, and saw at a distance a fire surrounded with a number of persons; and when he was disposed to notice it, she pulled him on, saying, "O, I suppose it is only the burning of a Jew." "Yet," said he, "she was not wanting in humanity, yea, she was even tender and benevolent." But see the effect of persecution, education, and custom!

A COW IN A BOX VS. A COUGH IN THE CHEST.—A Frenchman, who was making slow progress in the mysteries of English orthography, caught a severe cold, and sent for a London doctor. Thinking over what he should say to Dr. John Bull, he found his symptoms described by the word *c-o-u-g-h*, and having already learned that *p-l-o-u-g-h* is pronounced *plow*, "I have him," he exclaimed, "*cow*." Dr. Bull soon entered and felt his pulse.

"No trouble there," said he, "but here," laying his hand upon his throat, "I got a *cow*."

"Well, I am not a cow-doctor," said the surgeon, indignantly. "Why do you send for me to see your cow?"

"But you will not understand me," said the disconcerted Frenchman; "here is my *cow*—here!" and he thumped his breast in desperation.

The Doctor shook his head, as though he thought him demented. The patient had recourse to his dictionary, thinking, if he got the precise locality of his *cow*, the doctor would understand. Accordingly he looked for the word "*chest*," and found the first definition to be "*box*;" then shouting as loud as he could, he exclaimed:

"Now you understand: *I got a cow in my box!*"

The doctor burst into a roar of laughter, and the poor Frenchman almost died of chagrin.

THE MONK AND THE HEBREW BOOK.—A monk, being charged with making a catalogue of a library, meeting with a Hebrew book, put, "Item, a book which begins at the very end."

UNION OF WORLDLY WITH INTELLECTUAL MATTERS.—The union of worldly with intellectual matters—of business or professional engagements with literary pursuits—makes a pleasing mixture, and causes the one to serve as a relaxation to the other. Dr. Johnson is said to have exclaimed, "O that I had been brought up to some profession!"

A REPLY IN A PROPER PLACE.—Two persons of a satirical turn met a neighbor and said, "Friend, we have been disputing whether you are most a knave or fool." The man took each of the querists by the arm, and, walking between them, after some hesitation, replied, "Why, faith, I believe I am between both."

LIVING WELL.—He lives long that lives well; and time misspent is not lived, but lost. Besides, God is better than his promise if he takes from him a long lease, and gives him a freehold of better value.

ON PROLONGING LIFE.—Were the life of man prolonged, he would become such a proficient in villainy, that it would be necessary again to drown or to burn the world. Earth would become a hell; for future rewards, when put off to a great distance, would cease to encourage, and future punishments to alarm.

AN OLD CLOCK.—The following lines, says the Rochester American, may be seen on an old clock in Scramton's auction store in that city. The clock was made by "Tobias & Co., Liverpool and London," and is a hundred years old. It is still "going," "going," like the auctioneer, and is likely to be "going" long after the auctioneer has been "struck off," and "gone!" On its face are these lines:

"I am old and worn, as my face appears,
For I have walked on Time for a hundred years!
Many have fallen since I begun,
Many will fall ere my course is run!
I have buried the world, with its hopes and fears,
In my long, lone march of a hundred years."

A COURTIER'S REPLY.—Charles II, having one day met the poet Waller, joked him on his facility in having written laudatory verses first upon Cromwell and then upon himself. "Nay, more," said the merry monarch, "those you writ on Oliver are more complimentary than those addressed to myself." "Poets, may it please your Majesty," was the reply of the practiced courtier, "always excel rather in that which is fictitious than that which is true."

A SEVERE RETORT.—Robert Hall, while suffering a temporary loss of reason, was visited in the mad-house by a person who, in a whining tone, asked, "What brought you here, Mr. Hall?" Touching his brow significantly with his finger, Hall replied, "What will never bring you, sir—too much brain."

Editor's Table.

THE PRESENT NUMBER.—The opening article on "Paradise Lost" is critical, but well sustained, and will pay a perusal of more than ordinary care; "Selfishness, or Plaintiff and Defendant," will start your tears, perhaps, and can not be read without profit; "Life Scenes and Lessons" teaches a lesson which those wishing to be charitable ought not to overlook; "The Many and the Few" is marked by vigor of thought and style, and, though the reader may not indorse all the writer's views, he will concede to him honesty and strength in their discussion; "The P's and Q's of Modern Reformers" has good hits; "A Half Hour Among the Epigrammatists" may be somewhat literary, yet it abounds in fine paragraphs and sentences; "The Home of my Youth" is from one of the fathers of Cincinnati Methodism, and breathes genuine Parnassian fire; "The Old Prison" is thrilling in its details and its sequel; "Last Words of the Dying" abounds with incident; "Albert's New Clothes" is in the best vein of the author of *Clover-nook*; "Memoirs and Legends" tells a story in the mellowest and best style of the great American poetess; while the other articles of the number, poetical as well as others, are fully able, and with promptness, to speak for themselves.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—*Philadelphia.*—Mr. Wellstood has succeeded remarkably well in his engraving of the city of Brotherly Love, so far as excellence and clearness of finish are concerned. Philadelphia, which is situated between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, was settled by the Swedes in the year 1637. The city proper is situated on a plain, the highest point of which is sixty-four feet above the ordinary high-water mark of the river. In form it is a parallelogram, two miles long by one wide. The view in our engraving is from the city of Camden, on the east shore of the Delaware river, where terminate the Camden & Amboy and the New Jersey railroads. Ferry-boats, several of which may be observed, ply constantly between Philadelphia and Camden City, the Delaware being here about one mile wide, and of sufficient depth for the largest vessels. Among the public buildings of Philadelphia may be named Independence Hall, from whose steps, July 4, 1776, the Declaration of the Independence of the United States, by order of the Colonial Congress there assembled, was first read. The Custom-House on Chesnut-street, formerly the United States Bank, built in imitation of the Parthenon at Athens, at a cost of \$500,000, is one of the finest specimens of Doric architecture of modern times. Girard College, founded by Stephen Girard, with a bequest of \$2,000,000, for the gratuitous instruction and support of destitute orphans, is in the district of Penn, one mile north of the north boundary of the city proper. The corner-stone of the college edifice was laid on July 4, 1833, and the buildings were completed in 1847. The institution, however, did not go into operation till January 1, 1848. The grounds contain forty-one acres, and are inclosed by a wall ten feet high. The total cost of the college buildings and the improvements was \$1,933,821. The United States Military and Naval establishments, the University of Pennsylvania, the American Philosophical Society and its building, the Pennsylvania Hospital, the Fairmount Water-Works, the American Sun-

day School Union buildings, etc., are institutions giving character to Philadelphia, and too well known to render description necessary here.

Bay-Side Avenue presents one of the striking views in Greenwood Cemetery—that vast city of the dead, in the environs of the emporium of the western world. We have spent some solemn and profitable hours in meditations among these tombs. From the summit of Bay Grove Hill, whose ascent is seen in the left, we have at once a glimpse of the lower part of New York Bay, the Narrows that open out into the broad ocean, and Staten Island. In another direction the eye is arrested by the numerous buildings, the tall steeples, and the forest of masts that mark the sites of New York and Brooklyn. Standing upon this summit, surrounded by the dead, and looking out upon those scenes of active, bustling, craving, importunate life, we can realize the force of that beautiful stanza:

"Our lives but lasting streams must be,
That into one ingulfing sea
Are doomed to fall;
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
The sea of death, whose waves roll on,
And swallow all."

But this is not all—another voice comes to us:

"A voice within us speaks that startling word,
'Man, thou shalt never die!' Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,
By angel fingers touch'd, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality:
Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.
O, listen, ye, our spirits; drink it in
From all the air."

But our space will allow us to delay no longer. Along the side of this hill are found some of the most substantial monuments in this world-renowned cemetery. The beauty and perfection of the engraving will command the admiration of all judges of what is really excellent in this department of art.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—Each month we find upon file a list of articles which have been read—some of them *re-read*—and laid aside as unsuited to our columns. Some of these are possessed of considerable merit, and indicate that, with practice and patient study, their authors will yet succeed in the line of composition. Ability to write comes not by the inspiration of genius, but as the result of patient, persevering culture. The rejection of an article from the pen of a young and unaccustomed writer is, therefore, no cause for discouragement.

The following articles are respectfully declined; namely, "Redeeming Love;" "God in Nature;" "Life, a Beautiful Shell washed up by Eternity's flow;" "Sunny Side;" "The Christian's Welcome Home;" "A Fragment;" "Reflections on the Anniversary," etc.; "The Maniac Bride;" "Trusting in God;" "The Last Visit;" and "The Consecration." The first stanza in "My Hope" is the best:

"One day, like a beam of sunlight,
Hope-angel came to me,
With a voice some like a runlet
That murmurs o'er the lea."

"Life's Voyage" has two or three good stanzas, and we were half tempted to insert it; and may do so yet, with a few corrections.

"Life and Death" has some striking thoughts; but we can hardly pass it.

Were it not for some confusion both of idea and imagery that mars its beauty, "My Angel Babe" would have been inserted. It has more of the genius and power of the Muse than many pieces which are rigidly squared by the rules of the poetic art.

We would have liked to publish "The Man of Rhyme;" but some parts of it lack euphony. We give the first two stanzas:

"Amid the carking cares of time,
Amid the world's wild strife,
What mission hath the man of rhyme? .
What purpose hath his life?
'*Cut bono!*' cries the multitude
Who tug at Mammon's ear,
Whose nobler thoughts but interlude
Their din of earthly war.
'Tis not his part to rake for gold
'Mid rubbish, muck, and sand.
He thirsteth not with gore untold
To steep the loathing land.
He longeth not for pomp and power,
For dazzle and for show,
To singe a wing or scorch a flower
In Fashion's sick'ning glow."

"The Resurrection" is altogether too grandiloquent. The closing paragraph of it reads as follows: "Heaven's gates of pearl shall swing upon their diamond hinges, while the redeemed hosts of God press in. Upward shall they fly to where living clouds of white-robed seraphim float with gossamer ease in the expanse of heaven; while myriads of mellifluous voices are trembling on the Eolian winds of glory. They shall traverse the groves of living emerald that skirt the margin of life's crystal stream; and upward still ascend, and play with familiar dalliance among the clustering coronations of glory that wreath the immaculate throne of the Eternal, and gaze with undazzled vision on the flashing scintillations of immortality that radiate from the bosom of the triune Jehovah." The author has an exuberant imagination. It needs culture, chastening. Let him see to that, if he would make a *writer*.

"The Sabbath in the Prairie Land" has some excellent descriptive passages in it; but it is too long, and is not well sustained at the close. We should be glad to hear from the author again.

"Old Letters" will hardly do. We take a few lines:

"Then old letters—yes, O, spare them!
They are sacred to the dead;
And many, many times have I
Their tear-stained pages read."

EXCERPTA FROM CORRESPONDENCE.—*Note from a Contributor.*—Here is a note too genial to be lost—a model in its line:

"Dear Brother Clark,—Here come my 'victims' again, you perceive. They have been waiting long for that dissecting-knife of yours, and they will probably soon share a fate as destructive as a ride over the Falls of Niagara. But they will no doubt look you in the face till you look them out of countenance. My motto is one thing at a time; and when this is disposed of, I will try again. If ever published, let it be through *merit*, and not through *mercy*. With a thousand good wishes for your prosperity and the Repository."

Another of the Same Character.—"Rev. Mr. Clark—Dear Sir,—I take the liberty to send you a small poem, which, if you deem worthy of the Repository, is at your service, 'free gratis for nothing.' But I do not wish you to publish it to oblige me, although I am a 'regular subscriber.' The poem has been pronounced a little *outré* by a good poetry critic. If you, being also a 'judge of poetry,' consider it as 'commonplace,' give it to the rag-picker; but, if not, I shall be pleased to open the Repository some time in future and find myself a small contributor to its success."

Struggling for Knowledge in Conflict with Poverty.—The following is an outgushing of thought and feeling from one who is struggling for an education amid the stern obstacles of poverty:

"For many dark, long years of gloom have these un-resting hopes and aspirations impelled me on. The way is dark. It has always been dark. It requires a heart stung to almost madness by thirst for knowledge and desire for expansion to nerve and buoy up an obscure and ungifted boy, with no means but his hands, no resource but his will, no encouragement but despair, while he measures himself with adversity, and rushes to battle with destiny. Perhaps you were never there. But I do not believe in 'fortune.' I believe in making destiny to suit one's self."

Is there no one to help a boy who can write like that? Who will respond?

Note About the Author of *Sunny Side*.—A literary friend of the editor—rather of the editor's wife—makes the following note of her impressions and feelings after having read the article in the June number:

"I finished the sketch of Mrs. Phelps last evening, and present the editor my thanks for the pleasure it has afforded me in the perusal. I have never read of a literary woman with whom I could sympathize so fully. Nearly all highly gifted females have seemed too masculine for me; but Mrs. Phelps was a true woman. Like her, I once was fond of mere natural beauty; but for years I have loved to study 'character,' and all loveliness seems tame unless it expresses 'a soul.' Like her, too, I love to write for amusement and improvement, and have always had the same apprehension lest I should neglect duty for literary pleasure. I might have loved the study of languages had I been in her situation, but I think not. Her Christian experience, too, is much like my own. I often cling to the cross, and yet fear that I shall not 'be saved.' And then I can not think of death with pleasure, esteeming it a 'duty to live,' comforted by the assurance that my Savior will enlighten the dark 'valley of the shadow of death,' when he leads me through it."

SOMETHING ABOUT CHILDREN.—"Thy Will be done."—A little boy, whose infantile mind had already imbibed—yes, that is the word, *imbibed*—some of the sublimest truths of Christianity, seeing his mother overwhelmed with anguish at the death of his father, while nestling in her lap, he threw his arms around her neck, and whispered, "Dy will be done on eart, as it is in heben!"

Who can tell what an amount of maternal care and labor was compensated for in that one brief sentence!

Touching Incident in a Police Court.—Not long since a small lad, about eight years of age, was brought before Judge Pruden, in the Police Court of Cincinnati.

"What do you do for a living?" said the Judge.

"Sell papers, sir."

"What do you do with the money?"

"Give it to my father, sir."

"And what does he do with it?"

"Buys whisky."

This proved to be literally true. The little boy earned money enough to furnish him with food and decent clothing; but the inebriated father squandered the whole for rum. His mother is also grossly intemperate. Alas for that bright, intelligent child! Thank heaven, he has been removed where the influence of his wretched parents will press less heavily upon him!

The Little Girl who Loved her Bible.—Mr. Hone, the well-known author of the "Every-Day Book," in the days of his infidelity, was traveling in Wales on foot, and being rather tired and thirsty, he stopped at the door of a cottage, where there was a little girl seated reading, and whom he asked if she would give him a little water. "O, yes, sir," she said. "If you will come in, mother will give you some milk and water." Upon which he went in, and partook of that beverage, the little girl again resuming her seat and her book. After a short stay in the cottage, he came out and accosted the child at the door: "Well, my little girl, are you getting your task?" "O, no, sir!" she replied, "I am reading the Bible." "But," said Mr. Hone, "you are getting your task out of the Bible, too." "O, no, sir! it is no task to me to read the Bible; it is a pleasure." This circumstance had such an effect upon Mr. Hone that he determined to read the Bible. And he has now become one of the foremost in upholding and defending the great truths contained in that holy book.

How Could John Go Away?—Mrs. Sigourney, in her "Sayings and Doings of Children," gives the following incident:

"A boy had taken great interest in hearing incidents read from the life of the apostle John. That he had leaned on the breast of Jesus at supper, and was called the 'beloved disciple,' were to him themes of pleasant contemplation. To be loved by the Savior seemed to him an unspeakable privilege, a source of delightful happiness.

"Being too young to read, some time elapsed ere he happened to listen to the passage, 'Then all the disciples forsook him and fled.'

"What, all the disciples?" said the child. 'Did he whom Jesus loved go?'

"Then, bursting into a passion of tears, he said, 'O, why did John go? How could John go away?'

"Nor was he easily comforted for the fault of the character he had so much admired, nor able to understand how the dear Savior, who had so loved this friend and follower, could ever have been forsaken by him."

STRAY GEMS.—The Excellence of Knowledge.—Wisdom is a defense, and money is a defense; but the excellence of knowledge is, that wisdom giveth life to them that have it.—*Bible.*

Thoughts of Heaven.—Our thoughts, when exhaled toward heaven, like the waters of the sea, will lose all their bitterness and saltiness, and sweeten into an amiable humanity, till they descend in gentle showers of love and kindness upon our fellow-men.

The End of Learning.—The end of learning is to know God, and out of that knowledge to love him, and to imitate him, as we may be nearest, by possessing our souls of true virtue.—*Milton.*

Loquacity.—Thou mayest esteem the man of many words and many lies much alike.—*Fuller.*

Levity.—Levity of behavior is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.—*Seneca.*

Music of Nature.—As a general thing, it may be remarked that the music of nature is sad: the cricket in the hearth, the nightingale in the grove, the owl in the wood, the wolf in the glen, the jackal in the desert, all have melancholy and plaintive voices set to melancholy melodies.

Friends of What?—Wealth maketh many friends, says Solomon; but the possessor has need to distinguish between its friends and his.

Below are a few gleanings from "Recollections of Maternal Influence:"

Absence of Religion.—The absence of religion is irreligion; and how can irreligion exert a religious influence, or fail to exert an irreligious one? If, in all a parent's plans and conversation, religion has no place—if the will of God is never referred to—if the name of Jesus is never spoken—if eternity is never mentioned or practically regarded—if there is no religious instruction, no family prayer—what is the natural effect of this upon the child?

"Example strikes

All human hearts; a bad example more;
More still a father's."

Sowing beside all Waters.—My dear friend, let us sow beside all waters. And in the morning sow thy seed, mind; and then, of all the good thy children do, thyself will be the grandmother, yea, and the ancestor of all the good which thy children's children, and the whole line of thy posterity shall do, down to the world's end.

"The good begun by thee shall onward flow,
In many a branching stream, and wider grow."

The Elements of a Happy Home.—What are the elements of a happy home? Love, first of all, the soul of all—mutual love, conjugal, parental, filial, and fraternal—love, confidence, and harmony. There must also be neatness and order, and a measure of taste and refinement, even in the humblest dwelling, such as Christianity, if listened to, dictates and commends. There must be industry and mutual helpfulness; judicious reading, conversation, and innocent amusement. In such a home—if piety pervade, or, at least, preside over it, without which such a home can hardly be—all virtues have their most congenial soil, all pleasures their purest and most unfailing earthly source.

Family Religion.—All the duties of religion are eminently solemn and venerable in the eyes of children; but none will so strongly prove the sincerity of the parent; none so powerfully awaken the reverence of the child; none so happily recommend the instruction which he receives, as family devotions, peculiarly those in which petitions for the children occupy a distinguished place.

Hidden Causes of Good.—How often does the descending stream of influence owe its salubrity to the salt some pious hand cast into it at a point so high that it has ceased to be acknowledged or known!

A PERSONAL NOTE.—The editor gratefully acknowledges the pressing personal invitations he has received to attend several conferences. It would afford him great pleasure to comply with those requests; he would like to take his brethren by the hand, and extend his personal acquaintance among them; indeed, he determined and partly promised to visit several conferences; but he finds home duties so imperious that he must enter this general apology to his brethren for what might otherwise seem to be intentional neglect.

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